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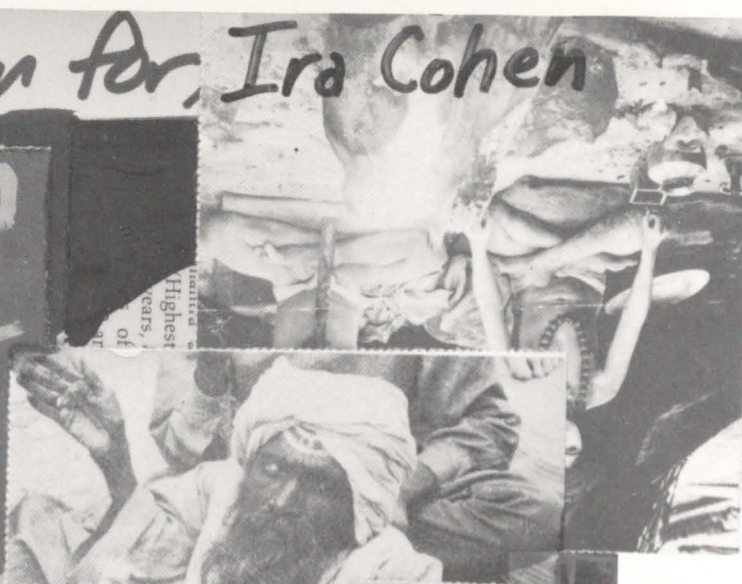
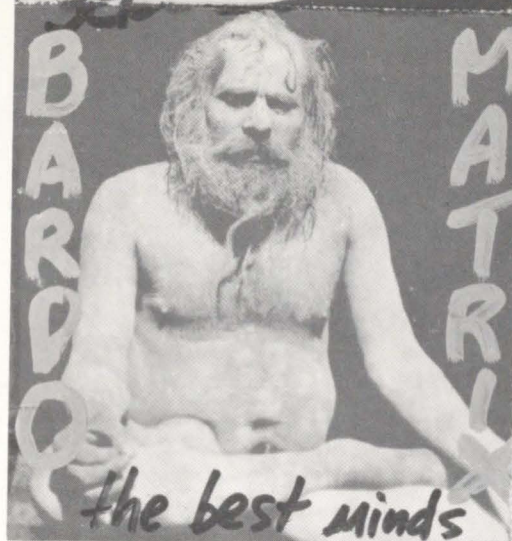
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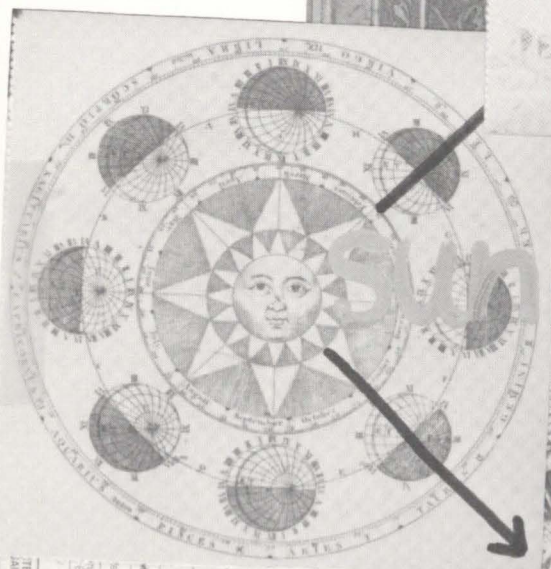


in memoriam
Allen Ginsberg
1926-1997

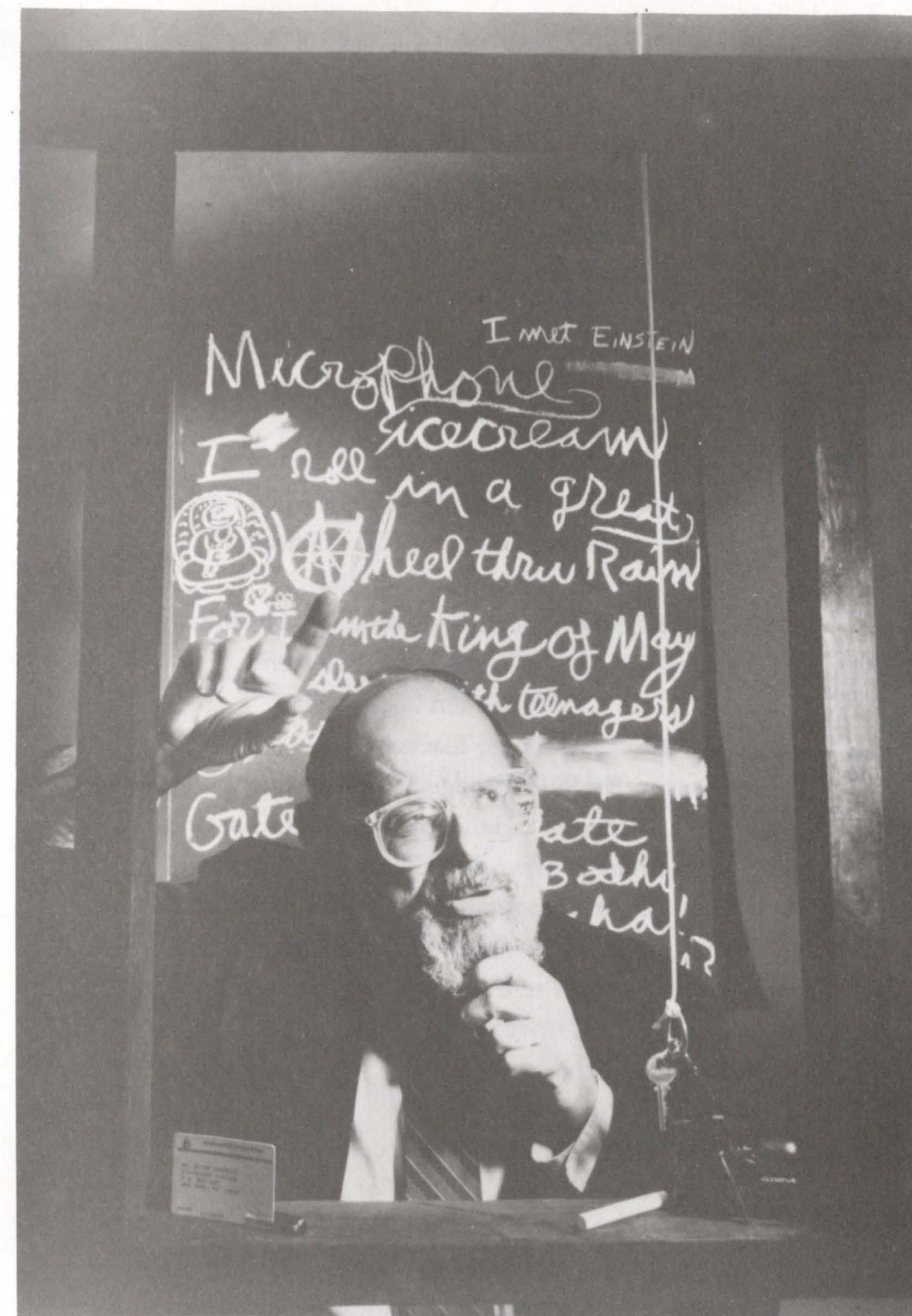
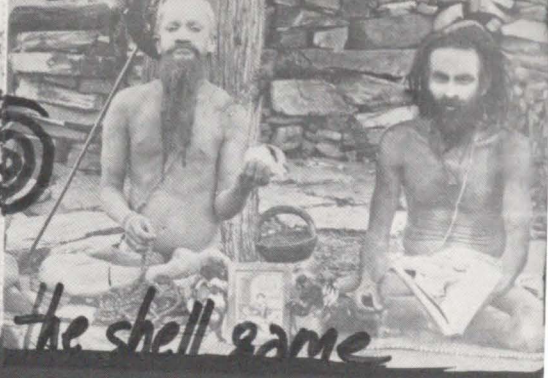
Syddhu pæn for, Ira Cohen



rainier High School Paterson New Jersey, B.A. Columbia College 1948; associations with Jack Kerouac, Wm. Burroughs, Herbert H. Huncke &



KINGS WITH
STRAW MATS



Allen Ginsberg Memorial Issue

nexus vol. 32 spring 1997

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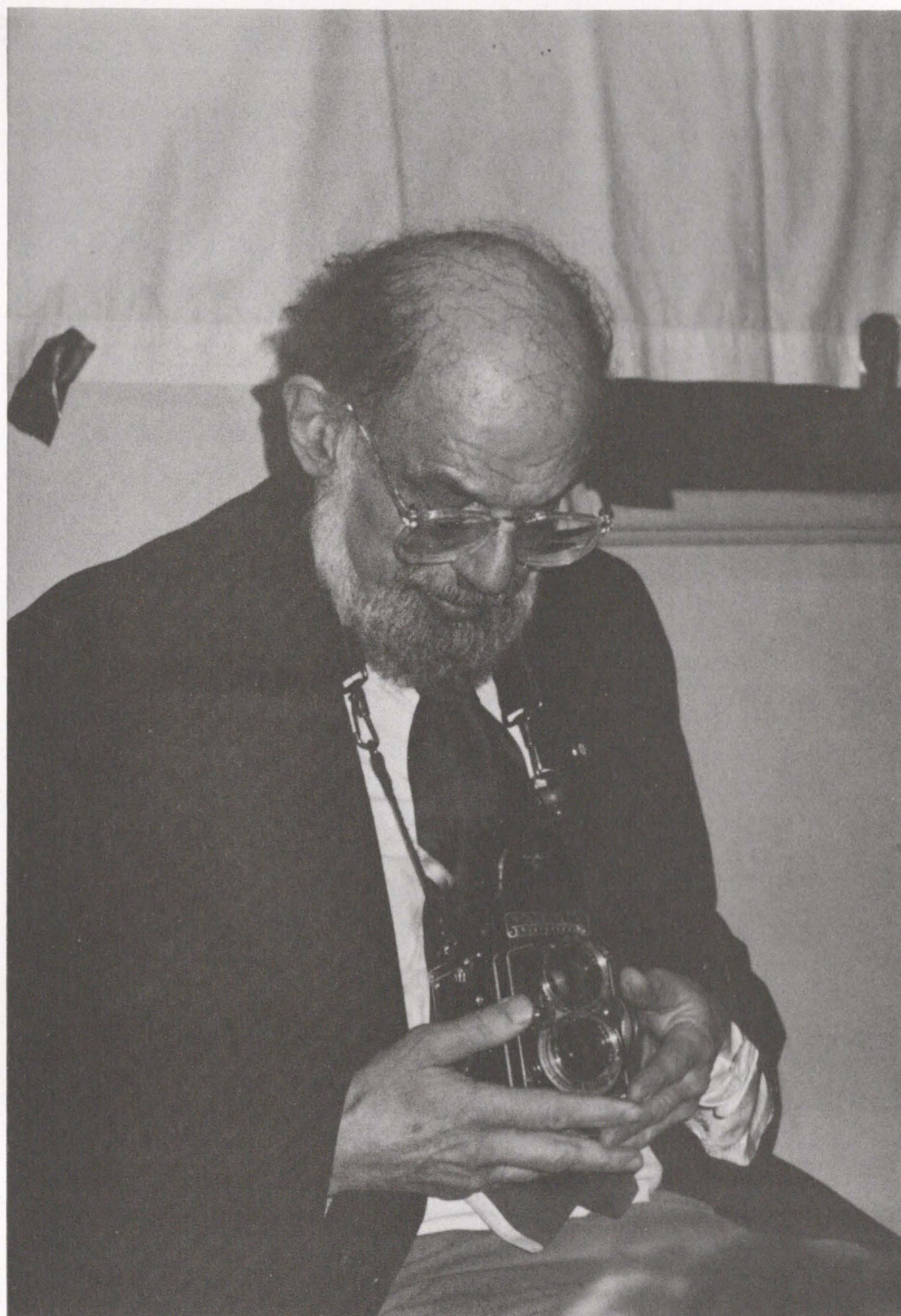
cover art

Ira Cohen Mask of Allen Ginsberg
(inside) Bob Moore Tribute to Cohen/Ginsberg

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4/5/97 NYC

I receive the news at 1:45pm that Allen Ginsberg is dead
 Now it's a post Ginsberg world
 I have lived with him for the last 30 some years
 When did I first hear his name?
 In the mid 60's of course
 Before I left my boarding school
 And I've lived with him ever since
 That big big presence
 Chanting
 Describing our reality
 Intoning Om Om Om thru the tear gas of New Haven May Day
 Coming to Living Theatre play
 Living Theatre event
 Poetry readings all over the world
 He was our voice shouting against the mighty walls of Jericho Mammon
 His Howl leading us to new assaults, challenges, struggles
 Ginsberg is gone now
 We must take his place
 We must continue his work
 Translate for him now that he is passed beyond
 What honor I felt to translate for him in Italy five years ago
 Making the audience laugh
 He mischievously said he hoped he could do as well in English
 With the Sphincter poem
 Allen tore thru convention
 Rock poems political poems
 Truth poems non poems
 But poems
 Poems and poems and poems
 Now I will go out and walk past his place on 12th St.
 Past the loft on 13th where his work was continuing
 To Tompkins Sq. Park
 Amongst the people
 Allen's people
 One would see Allen among the people
 At the neighborhood restaurant
 Shopping at the corner
 People's poet
 People person
 Gay icon gay human
 Now we sing the dance of death
 The lovely dance of death
 I sing the dance
 I sing the dance
 I sing the dance of death
 Much peace and love to you, dear Allen



Allen Ginsberg at Harry Smith memorial

photo by Valery Oisteanu

Allen

Raking the yard I realize
you are everywhere now
I went down to the river
broke a coconut for you, threw it
into the white water spring flood
so like you
sun behind the tree, the flesh of the coconut
bobbing in the water
like a skull in the breeze

I remember that poem you saw us
walking away from the boat
with our skulls, white coconut meat
Your infinite grace in connecting people, I never
saw you miss somebody's name, making
introductions, leaning in with thumbnail
sketch of personal accomplishments,
a vast networking consciousness
in you, all the writers

and reporters, all the teachers and
musicians—you were the hub, the axis
A sixteen year old kid in a parking lot
stops me last night, he loves your work
the men in the prison workshop ask for
your book, that mugging poem they especially
like, no one these days untouched
by your unswerving politics
your heart compassion

Mark Twain, born with Halley's comet
left on Halley's return
Hale-Bopp enters, brightest
emissary we will ever see from the stuff
of creation
and fittingly you take it out
like the F train from Second Avenue
Don't be sorry, you said, speaking
of your death,
I've been waiting all my life for this

I remember the gallon jug of death vine
ayahuasca you brought from the Amazon
you were the first to speak about
the radiance I believed in
A timeliness in your actions, running
for the news, creating another
possibility: bare knuckled
warrior poetics
Pack a small bag & hit the ground running
rushing like a river with a coconut rolling
bobbing in the water

My last dream of you, you were thin
you were sitting on the floor
Peter brought me to see you
you were singing to somebody's guitar
you ran out to the corner for news
and returned
to a room filling up with love,
of people past and people present
Hey Allen, everywhere now!

Willow, NY, April 6, 1997



Allen Ginsberg with Janine Pommy Vega

photo by Valery Oisteanu

Professor Ginsberg's Floating Class

When the Raoul Dufy print fell
you asked him if he was OK (he was!)
on Anselm's head
then on the green blackboard showed us
line by line how to make a poem of it
thought by thought
& do this everywhere all the time
Looking to my feet walking up 1st Avenue
past KK's Polish American Restaurant
even a chalked hopscotch grid
as your work leaps up

Missing

in memory of Allen Ginsberg

The wind has gone away to rest. It
Lifts its wings to press a blade of
Grass into Allen's luminous hand, who
Will soon speak loud to us. We will
Scrub his beard with the rains that
Fall on Avenues B & C. We will stay
Overnight with him and visit his
Poetry. The sounds of the city will
Not be the same. Alphabet City will
Stop breathing for awhile. The full
Moons over Jerusalem will be wrinkled.
Tomorrow will begin a day without
Allen. He got his long awaited letter
From the others. The plan is that no
One gets younger, except the heart.
Allen's was shaped like India and
Painted red, white and F.B.I. blue.
The sun will shine on his hand. The
World of poetry, and its cut-outs, will
Drift on the slopes of his work. Some
Of us have an arm full of pain already
That scales off at a party for a little
While. All deaths are one to me, like
Blue jays and red robins look all the
Same. Though, the streets already seem
Different. Sleep and dreams will be
Different. The future will be different
Like a missing friend without a daily life.

April 5/97

in hand writing read memory

for allen ginsberg

the book no longer here with your inscription

"to dave: for his sympathetic face & hand"

in memory read hand writing

in hand writing read memory

hand to hand

this hand here

writing

for that other hand

dear

to hold

woodland patterson

april 13, 97

Dharma poem for Allen

Death, ugly Heaven,
how good am I finally at denying you?
Have I loved generously, have I suffered eternally,
have I been a good boy at my mother's gate?
Have I known female membranes, have I known
male follies, have I waited for a gentle
touch in vain?
Have I profoundly adored the deep Universe? Have I truly
entered the essence of a man, a flower? Have I finished
all my homeworks and have I rethought every single shape
of a blue blue star?

death, ugly teacher,
soothing lover how good am I
at finally accepting you?
You who have always been my cruel friend,
my advisor and my reckless lover,
how calm am I now at finally approaching you?

written 5 hours before allen died

MIRROR POEM FOR ALLEN GINSBERG AFTER READING THE FALL OF AMERICA

Why did you vomit up cold oatmeal on the living room carpet?
Was that a lesson in truth sincerity or yogic exercise?
I mean I'm really glad you took off all yr clothes
so many times you started a fad or epidemic but
how many naked people can eat two ice cream cones
at once & still talk poetry of mad mind grope like you?
Did you really think I was a spy from uncircumcised
tribes of virus control out to steal all homosexual
power & secret bankbooks of Baron Charlus at Manufacturer's Trust on Avenue B?
Did I ever see your stoned red eye unblinking at
Columbia Library glory hole or put yr beard on by
mistake in the morning? There was some mixup of
dream landscape running all the way from Marrakesh
in flames to the burning ghats of Benares...
How come I didn't see you in the Golden Temple
by full moon when bombs fell on Amritsar? Or were
you disguised as old Sikh in beautiful robes & turban
turning giant pages of Guru Nanak behind glass
while blind singers shivered the moonlight????
Or was it you who sent the mad Moslem to my red
plastic table in the socco chico to show me the
marks of murder on upturned palms full of exxes?
Did something die on February 3rd, my birthday,
the day that Gryphius Ginzburg—Ginzburg—that
figment of Borges' imagination in THE SACRED TETRAGRAMMATON—
was *not* murdered, only a fake Pierrot playing dead
as he was carried away feet dragging behind him
into a mysterious automobile, was it South America?
Or was something born on that day? Who would you be,
Cain or Abel? Or is it possible to be both with a
roast beef sandwich in one hand & a boiled vegetable in the other?
You are a master of doubletake & deserve to hear
angels singing in the eternal delicatessen where
the prototype of yr own monolithic majesty comes
to spank you like a loving father bearing salamis to Jerusalem.
See the great thrones rocking in the golden light
of madness unafraid & there the columns of light
like endless stacks of transparent coins shimmering
over the Dead Sea!

We take out the akashic furniture burned
by followers of Sabbatai Zvi on the
day before the day which never came and
sit down to discuss matters of mistaken identity
like angels playing the dozens.

If I could play billiards I might transcend the
subtlest obliquities of the Chinese mind & write
secret books under your name, open charge accounts
in candy stores, & travel free on airplanes
but instead I sit here in Kathmandu &
ponder the significance of Singha Durbar in flames,
the still readable black ashes of a billion records floating over the city—
Shiva's justice rendered one week
before the revoking of all hashish
licenses in Nepal (July 16, 1973)
Are the black ashes of our civilization's history
falling on your head
wherever you are?
Wearing capes of burned paper (Let them be poems!)
we will meet on the George Washington Bridge
where we will settle these questions & decide
why you were chosen to impersonate us all—
even before we knew who we were
We will embrace each other in empty movie
theatres in the Bronx &
we will play ping pong in Byzantine madhouses
where Carl Solomon is the head psychiatrist
& commits us to infinity where we disappear at last
with no more curtain calls,
save one.

Allen gone from Italy

We were in Rome the day Allen died.
 I wept when I heard it on the news.
 I'd said, "I'll see you in July," wanted to write from afar..
 Hanon said, "Wouldn't it be better not to regret what cannot happen,
 but to rejoice in the memory of the great times you had?"
 But out of that truth no poem came,
 As if every possible poem-to-be had walked offstage with The Howler.

 "Smile!" Allen cried, even gleefully, when
 I was grieving at Julian's grave.
 "Smile, it's only death!"

 He said things that lifted us and
 Things that brought us down.
 He defined us, dared us to think ourselves
 The best minds of our generation.

 And now, trying like crazy just to smile-
 It is, after all, only death
 On the *terrazzo* above the red-tile roofs,
 The sun comes to set in full glory,
 And I think of The Sunflower
 But I don't smile.

Ginsberg gone, Cohen abides

Ira Cohen describes
 a ferry between worlds
 a faerie stuck in Queens
 a zero-balance retirement account
 an unconstellated star
 the braying of asses at midday
 a double-glazed barrier
 a Klein bottle left uncorked
 a mitzvah unrewarded
 a point-blank shot in the mirror
 the last Jew in Rostock
 the blow job done in half-light
 seven irises of the same species
 a heat-seeking missile launched from Calcutta at dusk
 the names of all the poets on one glass
 a virtual hearth cradling actual embers
 the inhalation of a holy name
 up the chute

Transgression between the Transcendental and Trance Reality

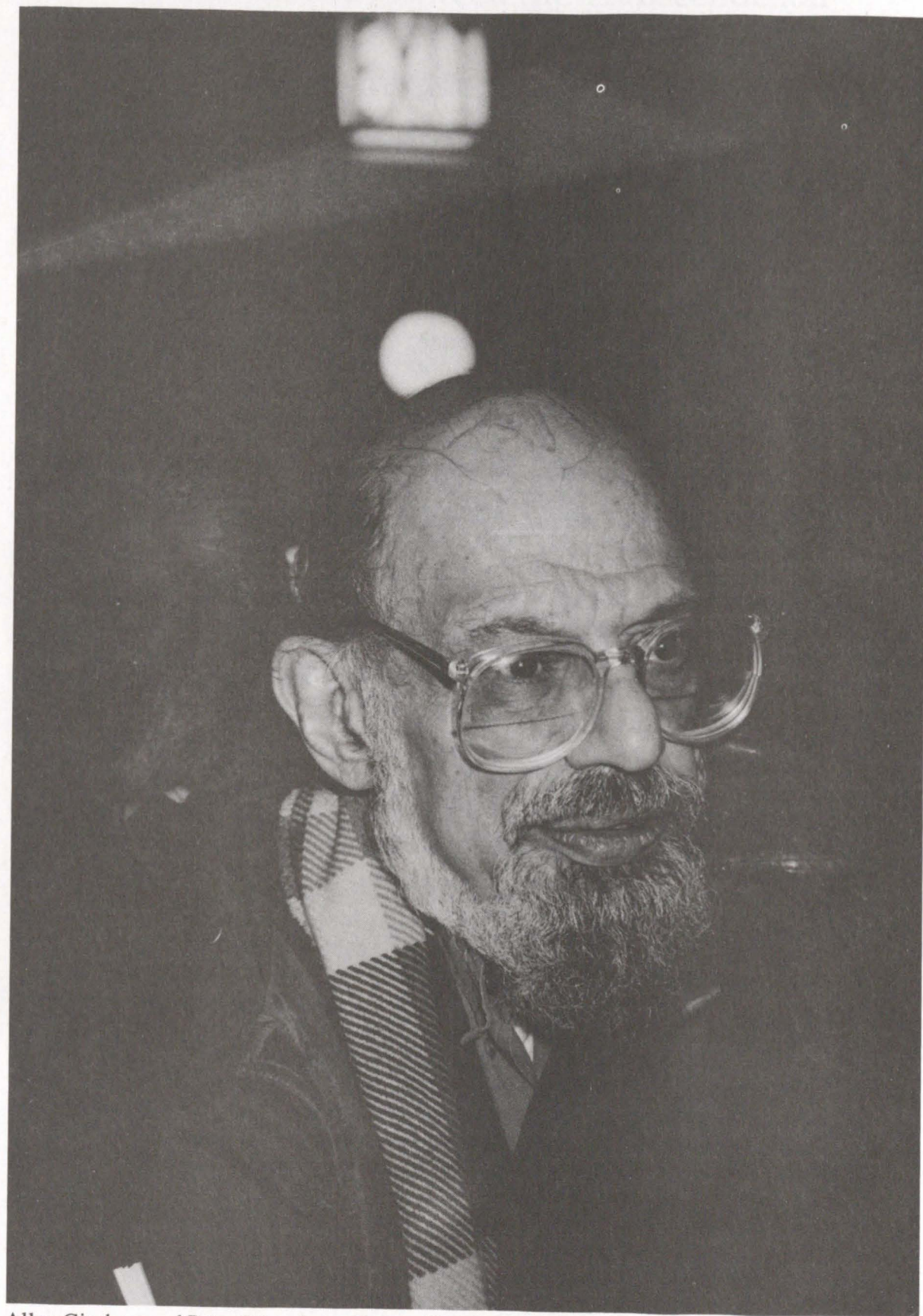
to Allen Ginsberg in Eternitas

Hey Allen, you the ambassador of Whitmanesque poetry
Throughout the global-ghetto
Be yourself
Plant the seed of hemp-sativa in the garden in Manhattan
Hey Allen, are you talking to your dead friends?
Jack, Carl, Brion, Herbert and Bob
It's still a one way conversation
Is your fireplace full of red fish with yellow fins?
Are you taking pictures of Harry Smith pouring milk in a jar?
Are you still running from the cops in the loisada?
You were my hero, together with Abby and Tuli
So stand up and roar
The cold wind flickers the yahrzeit candle at the door
The incense is burning for the spirit for those departed
Maestro sleeps and mountains are talking to him
And rivers are pouring water over his oblivion
Farewell to the unpredictable karma
Goodbye to the enigmatic lion of Dharma
Once upon a time there were some metaphysical Jews
But now there are only left a few.

The Lion Of The Beats

a sitting meditation for Allen Ginsberg

Maybe immortality will come calling on East 13th St.
And feel the void left behind in the big loft
Maybe the bold flag bearers for the beats
Will march tonight throughout Tibet
Maybe Dalai Lama will proclaim your spirit as a Divine Entity
Lion of Dharma
How come you came to die so soon?
Love dies, body dies, flowers die
But the anarchistic spirit keeps growing
Last drink, last phone call, last joint
Last poem, last new moon like a withered white rose
The circle has closed
Now we are the flag bearers with long hair for the hippie generation
The voice of the beatniks— of generations possessed
Now is a time for the post beats, the freedom obsessed
E=mc² at 2 AM, April 5, 1997,
The hour of discontent
The portals of heaven are opened by Buddha
It's hard to amend your untimely death, your brave song's end
The monks are chanting, led by Rimpoche
Aum Mane Padhme Aum
We read together at Chinese Chance, at St. Mark's Church, at TNC
And Finally at Hunke's memorial
Allen Ginsberg, you asked my friend, what is his name again?
pointing towards me
Too late now,
My name is sitting Shiva, in sitting mediation
For the lion of freedom
For the lion of New York.



Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky at Herbert Huncke Memorial

photo by Valery Oisteanu

*Unscrew the locks from the doors!
Unscrew the doors themselves from their jambs!*
—Walt Whitman, *Song Of Myself*

Allen Ginsberg opened the doors of poetry, of perception, of a freer life with so cleansing a candor in such a polluted time. He was the greatest poet and teacher I've known.

I met him at his farm in Cherry Valley a quarter of a century ago, when Peter Orlovsky built a bed to accomodate me and my wife, Mellon. Full of scholarly curiosities and the impertinent questions of biography, I was working on *Naked Angels*—Allen's benevolent advice was call it "Naked Humans." Allen always was a willing historian, concerned with accuracy and emotional truth. I remember spending hours in fields with Allen, talking about Burroughs and Kerouac while picking legumes and tomatoes which were donated to a nearby Zen monastery.

I would see him intermittently over the years, sometimes spontaneously—the key thrown from the window on 12th Street—but more often at the Beat gatherings that have occurred with such frequency of late. At the 25th anniversary reading of *Howl* at Columbia University, I noted that it took Allen twenty seven minutes to read a poem that I had heard him read years earlier at the Judson Church in twenty-two minutes. When I asked him about the discrepancy, he explained that the breath of those long strophes was now more difficult to manage. It was my first intimation of his mortality.

Everyone knew that Allen was frail, but we were amazed at how well he could recover. At the Kerouac Conference that N.Y.U. organized in 1995, Allen had a minor heart attack, and his physician instructed him to rest. Instead, Allen spoke to five hundred people on Kerouac, as intent on spreading his word as he had been when I first interviewed him in Cherry Valley.

That sort of enthusiasm—the best word to characterize him, really—was the igniting spirit of his poetry. Early in 1996, I saw Kazuo Ohno, a 90 year old *Butoh* dancer at the Japan Society. It was one of the most incredible dance performances I've ever seen, one that defied all the expectations associated with aging and indeed death itself. After the ovation, as the audience was filing out of the auditorium, Allen remained in his seat, furiously writing in a little notebook. He continued until long after everyone had left, his diamond intensity as concentrated as Ohno's.

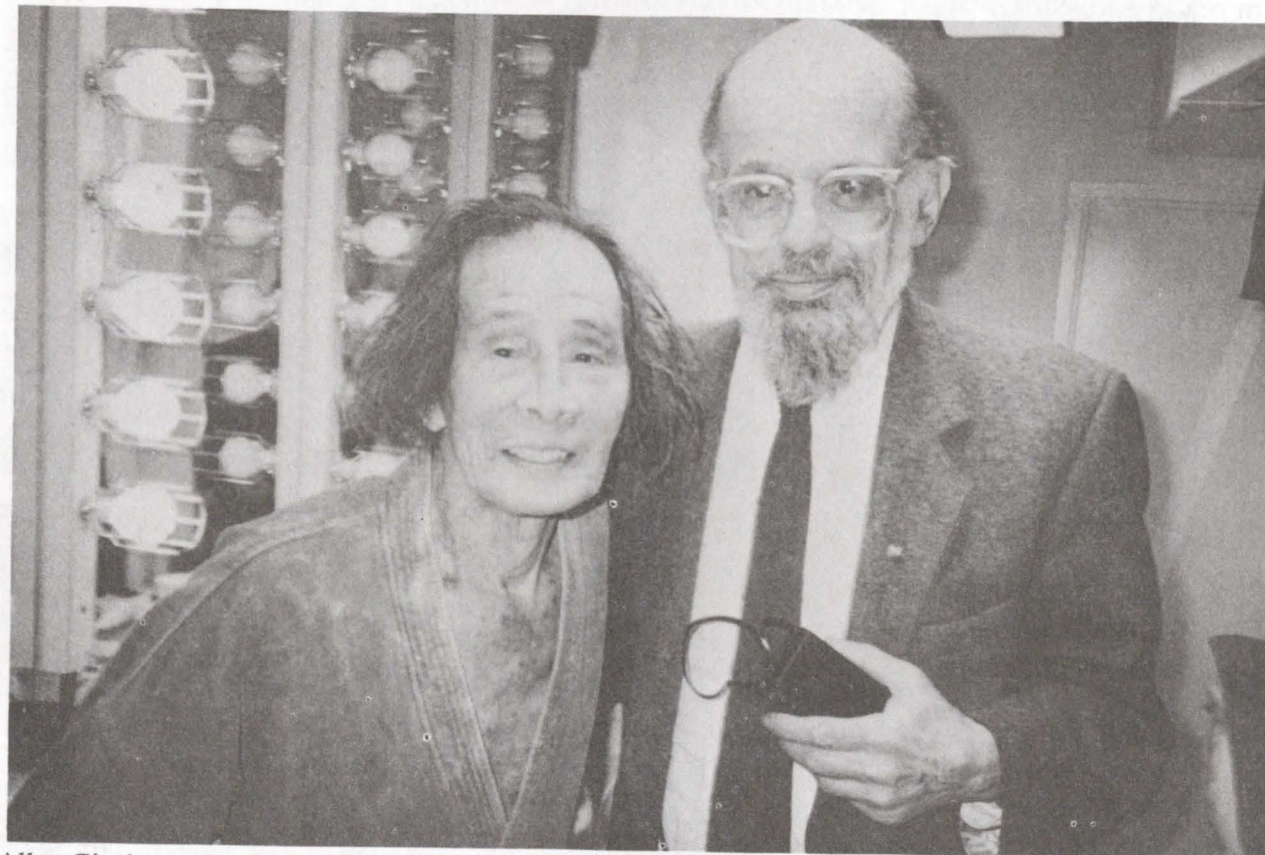
Last fall at Gary Snyder's reading on Union Square, Allen's skin looked extremely sallow—an orange hue really—and when he kissed me I thought it would be the final time.

I did see him subsequently, on February 17th at the Carnegie Hall benefit for the Tibetans. Backed by Michael Stipe and Billy Corgan, he sang his tobacco poem and the "Ballad of the Skeletons," that mordant eighteenth century homiletic, and he was just sublime.

For me it was the essence of what I had always seen in Allen, what he described as bhakti yoga, the pure delight of salvation by singing. The result was transcendental—which is why he was our Whitman!—rhapsodic and ecstatic.

Unlike most poets who begin so brilliantly, Ginsberg never burned himself out, but continued to create at the highest peak. As a young man, he proclaimed that he wanted to be a saint, a baffling assertion to some. He was always able to Make it New, as Pound had urged, and make it relevant to our general spiritual needs. Our Zeitgeist poet in a particularly dark time, he was the main singer of our generation and the songs he sang us will continue to be sung as long as we have the voice and the heart to sing them.

1997



Allen Ginsberg with Kazuo Ohno

photo by Ira Cohen

Julia Kadlec

Courage Teacher

Courage is the heart
of the Artichoke.
The heart
of the Artichoke.
Your Psalm and
Purple Hyacinth -
prayers in your classroom,
dear courage.

The door rattles -
we're sealing the bond.
Words like stones -
Lessen the mortar
as instructed - just
rock upon rock,
nothing more now.

In restaurants,
people remember
and continue to dine.
The Artichoke is delivered.
People eat.
We are upset
feasting on these
words you left us.
The Artichoke is delivered -
nothing left but
the heart now, courage.

before the page

for Allen Ginsberg

coyotes and wolves
howl
so much stronger than domestic dogs.

how much stronger were the words of the first poets,
the bards,
gathered at the fire,
before battle,
after a birth,
soaked w/ rain?

jan. '94

on getting there

for Allen Ginsberg

and what does it matter
if one
enters
through the asshole of nirvana?

april '97

Hail, Bop! for Allen Ginsberg

He gave us the millennium
in acceptance, without hope,
he gave us himself: Allen Ginsberg, & so I thought there would always be
would always be one, without whom, what would there be?

John Lennon, gone,
the world survived; his music
ferried Allen out.

"Watching the Wheels"

escaped the hardware store Muzak, the *Sunday Times*
with the news downcast in the car, the world according to Buddha
is empty — "I just had to let it go" —
when the driver lets go of the wheel
you've got to take over.

The house on Bluff in Boulder soon to be
a tourist stop—a void!

A void!

In the Buddha sense, to the navel of the world!

He's in the Big Dipper with Dr. Williams.

Sing, oh ye angels of the Left Wing!

Service workers of the Dharma, unite!

Another poet of the street's now beneath it

"Hail to your fierce desire, your

Godly pride, my Heaven's gate

will not be closed until

we enter all—"

Hale-Bopp! Your cosmic body
goes down in pop myth as the suicide comet
raise instead the spirit body of this poet,

Allen Ginsberg,

gone into somatic mind

stooped back now ash & a few crumbles of bone

Hail, bop! Hail the bop poet!

Body of my own father, first father of my poems
unworthy of their father, he said they had "no jism,"

he meant, they didn't let it hang out—

Give up desire for children—a Benares guru told him
but I am one of them.

Frail, with concave chest, skull peering out of his eyes when I saw him last,
crabby as ever at me, but he smiled for a picture. Hale-Bopp,

take this beat poet into your house

from his coma into

your long hair—

there are still a lot of bastards out there.

4/5/97 "Death News"

Blues for Allen

O Allen Ginsberg
Old bearded man
Hitchhiking thru the bardo
Fast as you can

Dreaming dreams of all the dreamers
scribbling them all down
I would be your spokesperson
from the sea where we drown

April is the cruelest month
Titanic to the day
Abe old Lincoln shot April 14th
Never saw that month of May

Thought you'd see my cherry blossoms
Thought you'd be back soon
No you ain't coming back no more
coyotes howling at the moon

"AH" Allen Ginsberg
your book-gifts so inscribed
Reading "Now and Forever"
I lay me down to cry

For if not for Allen Ginsberg
I would not be here
Wouldn'tve married my wife Anne Becher
nor crossed this Hemisphere

Without Allen Ginsberg
Half my friends in the Void
Twas a Vortex so Expansive
Now we're good ol boys

You got your black forest chocolate cake
You got to eat it too
Lived in Eternity's Sunrise
Kiss'd the joys as they flew

Yet everywhere mamas and papas
you're their worst nightmare
Let them see you in samadhi
with your tender stare

Wild Old Orphan
Heavenward you roam
Our Mothers on their thorny boughs
Chant their eternal Om

Irwin Allen Ginsberg
Decomposing King of May
Resurrected in my mind right now
On this the third day

Was gonna write an elegy
Was gonna write an ode
But riding blues like a bicycle
Lightens my heavy load

Blizzards in New England
Flooding on The Plains
Downing telephone poles and Poets
Nothing stays the same

Lilacs in the dooryard
Prayerbeads in our hand
Praying for Allen Ginsberg
all over this land

All-American Yogin
Not to knock on Heaven's Door
Carpet long gone beneath you
step'd out twere no floor

Ah Dharmakaya
O sailing home
Consciousness passing over
No skin meat nor bones

Blessed be the peacemakers
Driving 'way life's empty fears
Their eyes have seen the glory
Of ten thousand tears

Tears for Allen Ginsberg
And Deaths' Eternal Spring
Sad beauty in the Flowering
Hear our Poets sing

Blues for Allen
Healer, Bard and Brain
Blues for the seeker and the tired ol tramp
Broken-hearted lover man

Time's wing'd chariot
taking you away
Here we are in hot Pursuit
Into Eternity

April 7, 1997

Poets Can Get Away With Anything Except Death

for Allen Ginsberg

"O son of noble family, that which is called death has now arrived..."
Tibetan Book of the Dead

History should forget the Beat Generation hype
& remember the time you loaned me twenty bucks.
How patient you were when Orlovsky blew up
& raced his car 70 mph through the Boulder streets yodeling.

Even the stars are drunk tonight.
Therefore I say w/out hesitation even poetry's Greatest First Line of First Lines
expanding out into a million laurel-crowned verses, each progressively wiser,
could not equal a single line of your heart's epic poem.

"A nation that does not feed its best writers is a mere barbarian dung heap"
Ezra Pound

How you always took care of everyone.
Held up an empty mirror to America's barbarian soul.
Blues benedictions & scatological gossip.

"And the Father nodded approval; the whole pleroma of the lights was well pleased"
The Gospel of the Egyptians

If light is mind's first embodiment
you brought light into America w/jazz,
a poetics of experience, raw visions & everything Eisenhower wasn't.

A roller coaster made of skulls, through hell & beyond.
(I guess eventually getting off the roller coaster & just sitting down
made more sense than Benzedrine...)

"Long is the way and hard, that out of hell leads up to light .."
John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

O reincarnate dawn forever New York'd
how sacred thy holy fire & hopeless quest mountain solitude
because soon someone famous was coming, always someone famous.

Seven light years from Patterson to Nirvana.
It's odd that I'm writing this for when your dead
even though yr still alive. Fame & death indeed...

"Thank God someone's doing a benefit for Corso while he's still alive!"
Jack Micheline, Naropa circa 1984-5

We never saw the money. *Corso* never saw the money...
I got the band, who knows who got the money.
It vanished into Naropa. Higher Winds.

Maybe you should have studied Molecular Biology
DNA as poetry's hard drive. Genetic alchemy.
But no, *you* studied Blake. Shelly! Rimbaud!

"What immortal hand or eye dare frame thy fearful symmetry.."
William Blake, "The Tiger"

Because Blake *knew* & you *knew* Blake *knew*.
But even *Blake* didn't *know* what Trungpa *knew*. Dead, now you know!
Sing in the language of Ain Soph. Awake O Tathagata & suffer no more.

Should I be sadder? Anne will be serious. Speak of necrology & Isis.
Write "Fast Speaking Corpse". Sit w/tears wild as silk.
No! A Jericho of Tibetan trumpets!

"Where shall I go now? What shall I do?"
Thomas Wolfe, *A Prologue to America*

You hated being a father figure, people hitting on you to make them famous.
You wanted to be French cabaret singer Aristide Bruant!
Walt Whitman of LSD! Bob Dylan of the Harmonium!

O bald oft kissed head, where shall I go now?
O Buddha of Jewish Socialists, what shall I do?
The Dharma King is dead. Long live the Great Liberation!

"A pot of wine among flowers, I alone, drinking without a companion.."
Li Po

How you missed dear Jack! It's hard to go on the road w/emptiness.
Poetry will miss you. The Wild West Naropa Rodeo has lost its star sharpshooter.
The funeral will be a circus. Forgive me. I won't go.

The first time we met, you were sweeping the floor. I was impressed.
Now you are ashes on the floor. What does it mean, Master Po?
Maybe Gary Snyder should write this poem.

"Pull my daisy, tip my cup, cut my thoughts for coconuts..." Jack Kerouac

Kerouac wd write the eulogy on the wings of saintly Mexican girls
at midnight outside the Oxford Hotel because Sal Paradise would have
wanted to say good-bye good-bye little Universe & drink another whiskey
for sacred Lowell & don't keep the Bishop up high-ballin' on a road trip to God
'cause now we'll find out who is more *correctly* dead, the Buddhist or the
Christian. "Ha ha I told ya so..." Jack will laugh & the final *First Edition of Everything*
will finally get published & everyone will make money off of it except the poets
& ultimately our ashes will mix in eternity along w/Steven Taylor & Joe Richey

& mad remembrances of Tangier after so many years still fresh as flesh is fresh
 & turbulent with jazz forever writ into sunflower highways & the beat generation
 so many years later even the typewriter is obsolete. But *death* is still in fashion,
 the quintessential Holy Goof Three-Stooged and bonking everyone who starts to
 believe in solidity with hammers & staggering reality O lost O Crucifixion O Soupcooker
 O East Village Angel charming Dharma's orderly chaos O Pope of Radiant Intellect
 & maybe even eternity has one more little twinkling star now somewhere
 illuminated w/a poet's soul & India was an awakening but no place for a nice Jewish boy
 & will Corso die last? O sweet Gregory who's Mexican Zoo of Language
 stands as death's ultimate nemesis & "Never tell a fucking poet what to say...
 Ye Gods !," shouts Gregory blowing out the last candle at death's birthday party
 & what about Neal Cassady all railroad weary & snowcold dead ? Will Neal be there
 waiting on the other shore tossing golden sledge-hammers with St. Pete whistling
 the Grateful Dead's Greatest Hits & Jerry Garcia all angel'd in tie-dyed white looking down
 at Richard Nixon equally dead as Lyndon Johnson dead and Ezra Pound dead
 thinking he's a Greek verb & maybe we are, but not so at the Greyhound station
 in Denver, flop-house'd & somewhere on Colfax Ave. & how it's so incomprehensible
 Trungpa died of liver failure ten years to the day & maybe clouds know everything
 & childhoods rag-a-muffin innocence will always return because Berlin E-mailed you died
 & what did the Dalai Lama say & did Dylan write a farewell song on some bar napkin
 remembering Bleeker St. & how cold New York can be without poetry & will Milarepa
 sing another 100,000 songs O slayer of Moloch & what if the first thing you see dead
 is Naomi shaking her finger & scolding "I told you those boys wd. get you in trouble!"
 "Yr a nice boy Allen. A nice boy. What dead? Why don't you get a job!..."
 So, America finally produced a *Poet of Courage*, I think sitting in Chicago's Socialist Cemetery.
 Sleep Well, Aristide Bruant...
 The cafe is empty & a final blue light Aeolian-harps another smoke filled stage w/phantoms
 of where we have been, but even Sartre cdn't find an exit O Lion of Dharma O Grandfather
 Om Mani Padme Hum & without wife or child O fucked up mother Naomi & Ramblin' Jack
 stole your first girlfriend & how brilliant the intellect when it seizes the ass & now it's over...
 No karma on the El or broken-hearted junkies & no wonder you went naked to India
 & Ram Dass grinned & Rolling Thunder had visions & Rosenberg took care of business
 & Peter cut hair with a machete & Cage kicked radios & Leroi Jones changed his name
 & Solomon sued & Ferlinghetti started painting & long before Internet the word buzzed
 with Keystone Kops O Master poet arrested for being intelligent at Rocky Flats riding midnight
 invisible to CIA bastardminds with Daniel Ellsberg Heralds of the Great Doom Apocalypse &
 you never learned to drive a car but conquered Plutonium w/love
 & wild spontaneous bop-prosody yet, almost tamed into submission by gargoyles of age
 you became everything you were against wearing Capitalist suit & serious tie
 but Trungpa knew more than he was letting on...
 & even if young Russian poets laughed, the Buddhist poets didn't
 because generosity is easier if you actually *have* something & that's what Kerouac
 might have said on a lonely San Francisco night watching fog turn shadows into the
 mysterious Dr. Sax, head down & doomed to no poetry because his friend
 Allen Ginsberg had died.

"And don't let a dead body in a grave marked Gregory Corso make you laugh,
 'har har, and he said he'd never die, looka the schmuck buried dead..'"

Gregory Corso
 from "Wings, Wands, Windows"

Baby Bottle-rocket was born last night & sleeps in night's tender suffering of becoming.
 Too much death & you get a lopsided view. Children are the greatest poem.
 White roses arche-writing desolation. Poetry pulls the nails out of Christ's hands.

Gives Buddha warrior-mountains, amethyst tambourines on fire.
 Powerful Dakinis. Reverent eloquence & generosity of image.
 Invisible lotuses & discursive minds tamed by compassion.

"Living on the razor blade means at the same time living in the total space..."
 Chogyam Trungpa

Trungpa made us lick honey off razor blades.
 You are looking out a cabin window in the California Mountains.
 A crisp fall morning. Peter is chopping wood naked. Space, tender space.

You look full bearded & robust. A Zen master bathing in white sunlight.
 Yet you would die in New York City. I hear Gelek Rimpoche made it on time.
 Total space in the heart of chaos.

"Those studying chaotic dynamics discovered that the disorderly behavior of simple
 systems acted as a creative process..."
 James Gleick, *Chaos, Making A New Science*

Death is certainly the disorderly behavior of a simple system.
 Therefore, death is, if nothing else, creative.
 The hottest thing since DaVinci's rotating bridge.

Annoying. Your death means *mine* is more imminent.
 You're *really* dead now. Probably reborn before I finish the damn poem.
 Guess I better give it up & get serious. Practice.

"The Bhagavan is the Tathagata, Arhat, the perfect and complete Buddha,
 endowed with perfect knowledge and perfect conduct.." *The Lalitavistara Sutra*

Ok so your conduct wasn't so perfect. No, I *don't* want a blowjob.
 Woody Guthrie might have cringed. Occasionally you were a bitch.
 The Lamb of Christ disguised as a Buddhist sodomist.

Even with full awareness of breathing
 u died before George Bush.
 Maybe the Dalai Llama will explain it this summer.

"Trees that lift themselves spontaneously
Into the realms of light are blithe and strong..." Virgil, *The Georgics*

Third day dead.
Yesterday's weather was Biblical. Snow in Mary Magdalen's hair.
Earthquakes in California. Violent thunderstorms. Comets not seen again 4000 years.

Sky cleared today. Yamantaka Mahakala. Fire Puja at 9 a.m.
I was working. Chicago sweating in blue collar oblivion
You saw Blake while masturbating. I thought I saw you in the dry cleaners.

"The path to immortality is hard and only a few find it..."
The Divine Pymander of Hermes Trismegistus

If *anybody* was ready for death, you were.
The last notes of Charlie Mingus. Perfect & well tempered w/a lifetime's improvisation.
O bard of Bellevue, remember thy songs of paradisiacal gold, heart's rising sun has come.

Karma burned in hard fire, the song remains. Thoth and the Pharmakons.
Vedic blues. Blues holler'swamp deltas & transmigration.
Horrible Rock & Roll mantras. Finger cymbals dispelling delusion.

"It dances today, my heart, like a peacock, it dances."
Rabindranath Tagore

And because you sang I will dance for you
in cardinalesque red & Mississippi blue
an Irish step-dance down Chicago Avenue
a Charleston for the ages, the dance of empty shoes...

An Egyptian Ibis in the Florida swamp. Sunrise majestic & wind-clothed. Miami 68'.
White feathers. A meditation in silence & water. The police arrest yr father.
Vulnerable to predators, we all cry & wait. You sit alone w/ the birds...

"Did Einstein show that simultaneity was relative or did he alter the notion of simultaneity
itself?" Thomas S. Kuhn, *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*

A poem to alter mind's notion of mind.
A breath painting in the time of skin.
A sitting cushion made of dirt/ earth's mind simultaneously deathless

A heart-dance of African rhythm sticks & spontaneous laughter
A wild Hawaiian-shirt dance Marpa House orgy'd & naively thinking beer luminosity
A Black Mountain zephyr, deer in the backyard of eternity.

"Ginsberg won't stop tossing lions to martyrs"
Bob Kaufman

It's been years since I slept in Cliff Feyman's bathtub.
But I did it to *prove* the Pentagon vulnerable.
"Poets can get away with anything," you said.

No one takes poets seriously.
Napoleon and Hitler didn't take Russian winter seriously either.
Watch what you think.

The millennium approaches. The Age of Aquarius & L.A. Gangbangers.
Chinese storm troopers in Tibet. Wall Street's Global Takeover. Technotopia.
Algerian blowtorch police.
& \$172 billion Military waste & fraud
& \$ 32 billion every year for 30 years paid by taxpayers to bailout S&L's
& \$ 18 billion agribusiness subsidies, \$ 2 billion to "farmers" with urban zip codes
& \$ 12 billion tax avoidance transnational corporations
& \$ 7 billion nuclear subsidies
& \$ 2 billion export subsidies
& Moloch, still alive in Samsara eating eyes of children alive because blind
& Moloch, unimpressed by evolution demanding sacrifice in wheelchair pencil-sellers
& Moloch, exposed in 1956, still a virus in mind's fragile ecology.
Watch yr ass Moloch. The Great Sodomizer has moved beyond...
and will strike from behind yr brutal machine as heroes eventually do.

"Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known..."
John Keats, "Lines on the Mermaid Tavern"

Elysium Brooklyn & Washington Square Chess Masters lunching w/topless bag-ladies
Elysium Miami & hob-nobbing w/South Beach roller-blade Madonnas all tan & nowhere
Elysium San Francisco & Berkeley free speech assassinated
Elysium London & Berlin, free speech assassinated on the German web
Elysium Chicago, Michelangelo hung at the Art Institute for knowing too much

Elysium autumn, when beauty fell as a holy man before the sorrow of trees
Elysium absence, when friends remembered made sleep smile with ruined castles
Elysium blue-bells, when columbine & asphodel made love to faery moonlight Colorado
Elysium innocence, when conch-shell oceans roar liquid odes to a young girls ear

Elysium worlds unseen hidden behind & beyond eye's ego
Elysium volatile starbirth & nova. *Ars Poetica* of light & star-drenched zodiac
Elysium unborn mind O pastoral garden of blood & sacred womb
Elysium solitude, where unwearied oceans carried Shelly's heart in a silk purse
Elysium Zohar as flowers fall from Rabbi's tongues scalding hot
Elysium anarchy, void of bomb & alone w/ sphereless chaos Elysium
Elysium no mind, collapsing in laughter at Jacques Derrida deconstructing death
Elysium surrealism, Max Ernst painting headless birds on sea-grape trees
Elysium Earth, Wild-apple, & Ash, in dark forest shades as the lovers speak soft

Elysium rose & pomegranate red, an Androgynous light heals the mind of the dead
Elysium sea as green harp-music rolls blithe Celtic love songs from the mouth of the moon
Elysium snow as the first snowfall fell, in the darkness of time as the planets awoke

"A revolution of some importance in my plan of life had just taken place.."

James Boswell,
Meeting Dr. Johnson

After Blake

but death ain't no stroll in Manhattan..
& now we go on, but to where
to pick up the Red & Black banner
or dream flags unfurled in mind's snare?

who'll lead the next revolution?
who'll chant for peace til' it comes?
who'll keep the mind ever mindful?
who'll burn the banks for the bums?

It's Karmic flypaper we're glued to
my glue is to write this for you
you'd smile at the incorrect stanzas..
then fly off to give fame its due

And some say that death is ecstatic
I wonder if that point of view,
as breath won't inhale & intestines explode
is at all shared this moment by you...

"All his reading had only come to this, that he would have to sell his books
to buy saucepans."

Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*

American Haiku

i had to sell books
live on ketchup & bread
it's all Kerouac's fault
sitting on a trumpet case
i say, "i give up"
you say, "i gave up years ago."
i say, "What's going on?"
You say, "nothing,
a very BIG nothing perhaps....."

II

Cyberphenomenology & the Real Meaning of Howl

Three wires hang from an empty light fixture at Pulaski station like Christ & the two thieves. Maybe I'll go to Navy Pier. Ride Ferris Wheels in a straw hat like Van Gogh. It's morning. Yr dead & I'm not. Not yet, anyway...

Charles Reznikoff is dead. Yesterday I bought his Complete Poems 1918-1975. A fifteen dollar value. Fifty years of labor, on sale for a buck. Poetry bargains everywhere! Too bad there wasn't WebTV in 1918. He would have been a big star. Hits like "The Dead are Walking Silently" & "Jews in Babylonia" screaming from radios. Because we all know he is the *real* secret hero. I wondered why you were so excited about him. Now I know where you got "*Kaddish*." Don't worry, I won't tell.

Today Timothy Leary, and Gene Roddenberry's ashes scattered into space. I wore a Greek fisherman's cap & ate humus w/olive oil. Time is pliant & inescapable. Nonexistent. My ashes are an oxymoron. Neuroatomic intelligence in the wisdom of a rose.

Space exploration & NASA. Semiconductors & Gallium chips were never yr cup of Yage. Quantum consciousness. Meditation & Science.

Eulogy Inside A Eulogy For Tim Leary

High-Tech-High-Priest visionary, immortality downloading ecstasy into Panspermia brown rice & DNA cellular bar-hopping w/enlightened neurogenetics trying to pick up God w/poetic opening lines & mantras much better than human sacrifice. *Howl* was a prophecy for liberating the Millennium/the birth-cry of the 21st cent.

Leary was Bertrand Russell stoned/the Hubble Telescope of DNA

"Remember you don't die. You just change your vibrational speed." —Timothy Leary

Nanotechnology as psychedelic architecture. The heartbeat of www.leary.com

We met in Ginsberg's apartment. He was wearing pajamas. I was looking for a corkscrew.

You said, "We'll talk again."

Now that yr dead, that sd. be interesting.

Cyberphenomenology & Dharma.

Science doesn't *always* fuck up.

Forget Descartes. Sit. Work it out *inside* yr head.

Compassion as evolutionary medicine.

Map genetic code & cure everything, *that's* Bodhisattva action.

Electronic Druids. Wireless Romantics.

But even then, it's just mind thinking, Ginsberg wd. have said.

The Gap between thoughts.

Anti-matter in a dialogue with form. A tear in the heart of the sun, Timothy Leary's dead.

Jump Cut : Now I'm carrying rail-road ties down a lonesome plot of land.

Scrubbing floors & serving lobster at the Americana Hotel.

Reading Oscar Wilde & washing dishes w/ Haitian boat-people, penniless & desperate.

But through it all there was always Allen.

The dark side of fame; breath gone, no photographers.

II. A Final Song Together *

And the time will come w/ no rebirth
the sky of mind will light the earth
the bones as dust will weep no more
the virgin will weep w/ the whore
the leopard w/ the lamb will lie
the land will float above the sky
the stars will light the dark anew
the Christian & the Sacred Jew
the Buddhist & the Hindu too
will dance a whirling dervish-do
will dance a whirling dervish-do
the mind set free from all its chains
will in the lotus-sweet remain
the hawk! the owl! the poem set free!
we'll soar at will the galaxies
the soul a wind, a spirit's breath
will seek no more the wheel of death
the child beyond the womb so kind
will learn to love w/ perfect mind
the stars will light the dark anew
the Christian & the Sacred Jew
the Buddhist & the Hindu too
will dance a whirling dervish-do
will dance a whirling dervish-do
the atom in it's swirling orb
will all the heat of hate absorb
& turn grave anger into light
to guide Great Planets through soft night
& one by one the centuries
will each reveal their mysteries
& weaving on the waves of time
each heart will find it's truth sublime
& future life which sleeps now dead
will live not knowing fear or dread
& from the maze we'll all awake
clear moonlight on mind's mirrored lake
the sky! the stars! the Master Art!
Enlightened mind Enlightened heart
the stars will light the dark anew
The Christian & the Sacred Jew
the Buddhist & the Hindoo too
Will dance a whirling dervish-do
Will dance a whirling dervish-do
Will dance a whirling dervish-do

Good bye, Allen.

*to be chanted w/cymbals & drums, trumpet, bass & harmonium



Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, and Gregory Corso

photo by Ira Cohen

the death of allen ginsberg

what if i start over
without the meanness
of the past, and pray,
hopelessly romantic,
that tonight i have solved
your name upon the paper
of america, and say

another giant of the world
is at the bottom,
resembling very little;

i solve your name
with a mood remembering
the threatening powers
of men, from which they
must protect themselves,
and know that, just
as god, you have
romantically called.

tonight there is enough mania
to make an everyday oath
and i shrink arriving upon
the body of this stage,
knowing i've rescued
peace from prison before,
though tonight the quality
of the world is difficult;

passive sadness on the least
possible surface of the world
as we are here sighing an incantation
of real joy;

to start over without the pretense
of love, that is violence, is
belief spell-bound to original prayer,
a faith that light is living's nature
and the dark the truer blue.

i cannot have fear tonight;
only an actual lesser self
knowing words in advance
of paper, that if not for you,
i would read passionless papers
and believe slow lies;

words are not pictures;
they never were; they are
passion's world in heaven,
in bed with god and misery;
the stars of blackness and blood
that we have been hurled, by you,
from this considerable height,

now at the standstill
of a great hour, and we
are knocking on our heads
with our knuckles for you.

Where Are the Songs of Spring?

*ay, where are they? Think not of them,
thou hast they music too. —John Keats*

I have investigated the cryptic saxophone
Notes of wailing blues and desperate jazz.
Decoded them all into one long,
Wild barbaric yawp that I first
Remember hearing dance across the rooftops
In my neighborhood of silence.

The omnipotent shadow of nationalism
Followed me ready
To smother my dreams within
Bomb-laden clouds of dying
America. The napalm nightmares of my youth.
I stood frightened and alone as America fell,
Realizing that no one would know,
Or hear the howling prayers of the young
Chanting endless Kaddish for the tortured
Burnt spirits of Hue, Mekong, My Lai,
The dried out Midwest: Chicago, Kent.

It was you, holy soul jelly roll, Bard-
Prophet who freed me, liberated us all
From our mysterious illusions of cornerstone
Backyards in suburban new America. I found
You-brother Poet-in the drowned coil
Of America's sleep. Where I, too, could not stand
My own mind. Where I, too, was not tamed
Or translatable. Where I, too, wanted
Only to come to the point of
Civil Rights, Viet Nam, CIA Death
Dance Politics, Dow Chemical Lament
And Plutonium Ode. I needed
To understand Che, Marx, Jesus, Buddha,
Beatnik, MC 5 stage rage, so that I could free
Myself from fitful McCarthyism doldrums,
And television eye snake dance. I needed
To understand that Fordism was fascism
To understand that Sacco & Vanzetti must not die
To understand that Father Ho was not our enemy
To understand that we were the wrong side
To understand that Malcolm X was right
To understand that America killed JFK, RFK, M.L. King,
Chaney, Goodman, Schwerner, Evers, Till, Hampton

To understand COINTELPRO's endless attempts
To silence Fannie Lou, Rosa Parks, Oches,
Sanders, Abbie, Dillenger, Berrigans, Cleaver,
Newton, Seale, Savio, Davis, Steinem, Chavez
To understand that Lt. Calley was a murderer
To understand four dead in Ohio
To understand that for every neighbor boy killed
In Southeast Asia, for every city burned,
For every Wounded Knee, for every Jackson State
For every homosexual murdered and persecuted
on the streets of America -
America could never be
Put back together again.
Allen, you understood
This, and without hesitation
You put your queer shoulder
to the wheel...
Lord, Lord, Lord,
Caw, caw, caw,
Lord.

AT BIXBY CANYON CABIN

*to Allen: who showed me the way
to Lawrence: who gave me the key*

By candlelight
I saw Jack Kerouac's
scrawl
on an outhouse wall
in Bixby Canyon.
Washed in cold morning stream.
Walked path
across butterfly bridge
over stream
to the dried-fruit seaweed beach
and the rusted and gone old car
where the fresh and the salt
water meet
there is magic
like looking in through those French glass cabin doors
in the kerosene light where
she read Chandler Harris to
half-asleep children
stretched out by a cold fire.
And sat only feet
from where water reached for rock
and she pointed at planes and whispered:
"they've scribbled up the sky"
as I read "I Wash Your Dishes, America" to an angry sea
that boomed and hissed
as if I had nothing to say.
Trying to remember
what Henry Miller said
about beginnings,
brushing yesterday's sand from my hair
like women
who won't let you be free;
I have lived to see this
place where Jack wrote mad letters
to a gone world
drowned in drink.
"The trick is to stare down the camera,
then go home," Allen had said in San Francisco—
but there is no where else
to go.

This
is land's end,
where the world is finally flat,
and I can see nothing more
than I would ever want to
again
out beyond where those waves
break over rocks and seals
a blue heron
drawing lines for these words.

Ferlinghetti's cabin
Big Sur / Bixby Canyon
3/21/76



Backstage of San Francisco Poetry Festival 1976

*from left : foreground—Luke Breit, Diane DiPrima, David Meltzer
background—Alexander Kohav, Thomas Rain Crowe, Andrei Codrescu, William Everson, festival astrologer*

Baby Beat Renaissance

In the waxing years of the 1970s, a disassociated group of young poets in their early to mid-twenties arrived in San Francisco seeking their literary fortunes. There had been a relative cultural calm permeating the west coast for about ten years following the First S.F. Renaissance which began in the mid 1950s and lasted into the sixties. Centered in North Beach and City Lights Bookstore with its adjacent bars (Vesuvio's and Spec's), a nucleus was formed among these young 60s generation writers and the result was the resurrection of *Beatitude* magazine in 1974. The regeneration of the first Beat literary magazine served as a catalyst for a camaraderie among the older generation Beats (Ferlinghetti, Micheline, Kaufman, Meltzer, McClure, DiPrima, Hirschman, and an occasional Snyder and Ginsberg were all on the scene) and the young turks which sparked public readings that grew exponentially in size with each event. By 1976 *Beatitude* readings held at theatres and medium sized venues couldn't hold the crowds, which poured out into the streets to hear Bob Kaufman (who had revoked a 13 year vow of silence and thrown in with the new young energy on The Beach), Ferlinghetti, Norse, Micheline, Everson and others sharing the stage with their younger counterparts. The culmination of what was being called "the 2nd Renaissance" by S.F. columnist Herb Caen, was the First San Francisco International Poetry Festival in the fall of that year—which was founded and organized by Thomas Crowe, Neeli Cherkovski and Lawrence Ferlinghetti. The after-shock of the S.F. Festival was extensive and the Bay Area literally broke out with small community-based reading series in any number of cafes and bars. Added to this were impromptu street readings, as well as copy-cat Festivals which thrived with the new-found interest in poetry by S.F. and Bay Area residents. By 1977 the "Beatitude cadre" had been labeled as "The Baby Beats" (the actual term being coined by Richard Brautigan one night in Spec's Bar during a heated argument between Brautigan and Ken Wainio) and picked up by Bay Area tabloids, newspapers and poetry review/calendar publications. By 1980 the original core of young poets that helped generate the main surge of influence on the 2nd Renaissance had dispersed...north, south and east, as the Renaissance lingered into the early 80s before becoming again dormant until the resurgence of performance poetry, in the 90s, revitalized the S.F. scene.

Photos (pp41+42) from the personal collection of Thomas Rain Crowe



The Baby Beats at City Lights Bookstore, San Francisco 1976

from left: Philip Daughtry, Thomas Rain Crowe, Janice Blue, Ken Wainio, Neeli Cherkovski, Paul Wear, Michael Wieners
Baby Beats missing from photo are David Moe, Rod Iverson, Kristen Wetterhahn, Luke Breit, Kaye McDonough

Photo credit: Lisa

NECROPOLIS X

Allen Ginsberg pilots the White House through a cloud of rioting squid. These creatures seldom put up with the elements let alone poets flying human flags. When was the last time you saw a human impersonating a poet shrieks Henry Kissinger from the Oval Office? There are at least two thousand secret mikes that have not been connected to congressional heads. Why just the other decade I was smoking out a few visionary bison with some Arkansas nerve gas, better known as dream killer, your quivering attention having already floated over to the cooler where some Necropolian lawyers are drinking distilled Watergate piss. I was smoking out a few homogeneous Clintons just as Allen burst through the door announcing his death in alchemized words, sitting zazen on a cloud formation just over Katmandu. The rain drops falling on his grave were speaking Tamil. Rimbaud was taking dictation in Sanskrit. The Pacific Ocean writes back in squid ink

Allen Ginsberg pilots the White House through a range of lost breath, pausing at the corner of Broadway and Columbus, circa 1975. About 2 AM. You afraid of me, boy? Breathe, breathe! Put it out there, kick this broken glass, write about these dog turds. I don't believe in surrealism. But yeah I love Philip Lamantia. Breathe, breathe!

The White House falls into a stormy conservation camp, the whole place looks like Central Park on laughing gas. Ginsberg lowers the flag. Nixon tailgates, yelling slogans. Mao smiles in the background, selling postcards of dead babies. Never have naked lunch near the White House—I drool when I read *Howl*! Gregory Corso shoots up the Indian Ocean, paralyzed roads of Atlantis are discovered in the troubled Med, collapsed veins resurface in the Dead Sea. Allen leaves India through unknown incarnations of Buddha and arrives right here on the White House lawn. Kali Yuga!

Allen pilots the presidential palace between the house and senate without asking what you want or what they want. The electoral college makes you laugh because you are it and have planned it all the while these millions of incarnations and deserve it like a true bastard. God's name stamped on your heavy luggage. I never want to go to bed, I never want to die is printed in the margin

Where was Ram Dass when riots were invented, a few hundred beatniks having fallen asleep at the wheel, just as a hole opened in a killer nation's brain, more peaceful than the stars seen after a hurricane. The Washington Monument takes off, a spearhead with God knows what Christ at the controls. It is going up some colossal homophobe's decadent Holstein ass, call Bovine Brothers and Sister's Anonymous. I ended up in jail because God wouldn't listen to a poem

The gigantic squid unveil a mirror that catches a million points of light. Alien Allen cuts himself a piece of Florida and sits down in a thunderstorm in Ohio. No, it's Oahu. Sorry. Hunter Thompson is there administering last rights as Tim Leary purrs in on his coping jet, having found a can of psychoactive antisquid spray, guaranteed to cool the coolest of rioting surrealists. However Spiral Agnew has written in a margin of the Everglades that outer space can never leave you, love and liberty follow suit

The Statue of Liberty has been torn down by the giant squid and Allen is poised there hands up to the Apocalypse like he's hailing a cab. It could be Hale-Bopp, it could be the mothership full of spirit boys. But where are their genitals? Maybe they are girls this incarnation. Maybe they lopped them off to keep the men from going to war. There's a pretty big grave of genitals somewhere in this Necropolis and we better find it or else. Until then just be reassured Allen has won the Mr. Universe Contest. Breathe, man, breathe out! Here he comes through the broken whole of our holiness, The Dalai Mama, pumping out an endless circle of laughing crying babyheads. Breathe father, breathe mother! Kick child, kick out! Allen rests his case. Breathe, baby, breathe out! The giant squid prevail

Allen Ginsberg At Brooklyn College

Where has he gone now? During the past ten years, I have had the privilege of working now and then alongside Allen Ginsberg. When he came to Brooklyn College, I was skeptical of him, I admit. Ginsberg's predecessor as distinguished poet at Brooklyn had been John Ashbery, whose work had deeply influenced the very formation of my mind as a young man. Now Ashbery had won a MacArthur Fellowship and would be gone for five years. Then we heard that he was not going to come back at all, that at the end of his fellowship he would assume a post at Bard College in the Hudson Valley where he lived. I regretted the loss of the author of *Rivers and Mountains*, which I regarded as the single best book published in the United States of America during the 1960s. I had childish feelings. At first I looked on Ginsberg much as Prince Hamlet looked on Claudius. I saw him as a usurper. It was hard for me to imagine anyone's replacing Ashbery in my mental or poetic universe. And there was also the question of snob value. Ashbery's was a better name to drop.

So I thought. Unpleasant and childish thoughts often pester one at the threshold of powerful change. Ginsberg brought a powerful change to Brooklyn College. His whole career was predicated on the notion that in fact has guided Brooklyn College since the day that it opened: that the children of the poor are as good, are as brilliant, deserve as good an education, as the children of the rich. Ginsberg's definitive masterpiece *Howl* begins with the revolutionary lines:

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked,
dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix,

angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the
machinery of night,

who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat up smoking in the supernatural darkness
of cold-water flats floating across the tops of cities contemplating jazz,

The best minds of his generation. Allen's teaching consisted of this: he treated you as if you belonged to that category. He treated your humble circumstance—your poverty, your stigma—as its own thing. He did not use it to diminish you in his eyes. Allen Ginsberg taught the universal divinity of all living creatures. His students and his fellow poets included.

This made living in the same century with him a stroke of good fortune. To read *Howl* when it and I were young was a privilege I shared with a large generation of my fellow United States of Americans. Ginsberg, in that poem, turned our stigmata into patents of nobility. After *Howl* we no longer had to hide our gender irregularities, our family names, our bad luck. All these became part of the comic epic vision of this teacher.

Allen's teaching was visionary. He had studied the principles of reaching into the larger and wider beings that we are. These were principles of breathing and chanting, of harmlessness and generosity and universal sympathy with universal suffering. From youth, he had studied visionary poetics. At Naropa in Colorado with his fellow poets he had created the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics. When he came to Brooklyn College, we were not sure who was coming. Was Ginsberg still the democratic hard of *Howl*, the worthy successor of Walt Whitman, the Brooklyn poet who elaborated the first complete democratic poetics? Or had he hardened into a celebrity guru who would recite formulas to our students and spend most of his energy elsewhere than here?

The first time I saw him at the mailbox in the Department of English at Brooklyn College, I took him for his own father. A middle aged academic poet in a three piece gray suit, wearing glasses and going bald. He had on a white shirt and a tie. He looked like one of the long suffering soldiers of the academic civil service, winding down a career that he would afterwards think of whenever he looked at his gold pocketwatch. I never questioned Ginsberg about this uniform. I took it as his reassurance that he had not come to Brooklyn merely to receive his admirers.

And in fact, he worked hard, from the beginning to the end. *See and Be Radiant*, one of our college mottoes, might have been coined to describe his way of living and teaching. He organized for the Wolfe Institute series after series of poets. He began with the poets of his generation, Corso, Snyder, Di Prima all came to Brooklyn under his aegis. In 1983, three years before he joined the faculty, we had invited him to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the Brooklyn Bridge, reading Walt Whitman's "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry." Ginsberg invented an annual series for the Wolfe Institute and the Department of English ten years ago. He called it Rainbow Body Poetry, on the principle that the colors of feathers and flowers and primates all gave back the splendor of divine light.

And his teaching has worked. Ginsberg lived in a saintly manner—that is, he understood full well that his example would find imitators and that his prayers would have answers. What he wanted us to learn at Brooklyn College is that the body really is a rainbow. That has turned out to be the most powerful interpretation of our vision we could possibly have had in these years. In earlier times, Brooklyn needed to think about the needs of people whose parents had fled Europe, and then of people who had postponed their lives thanks to a devastating world war. But in the past thirty years Brooklyn College, like most colleges in the United States, has had to think of a people with a whole new set of needs. These were the people who came to Brooklyn as Rainbow Body Poets. These were the very people Ginsberg had represented in his poetry from the start. Those who needed to migrate not out of Europe but out of hell. Those who lived inside the United States inside a hell that fear or hatred or drugs or cruelty or madness or poverty or all of the above had constructed for them to live in, usually long before they were born.

Ginsberg transformed our vision of America. He made the invisible visible, he gave voice to what had never dared to speak its name, he led us to see the damned as angels and the poor as kings.

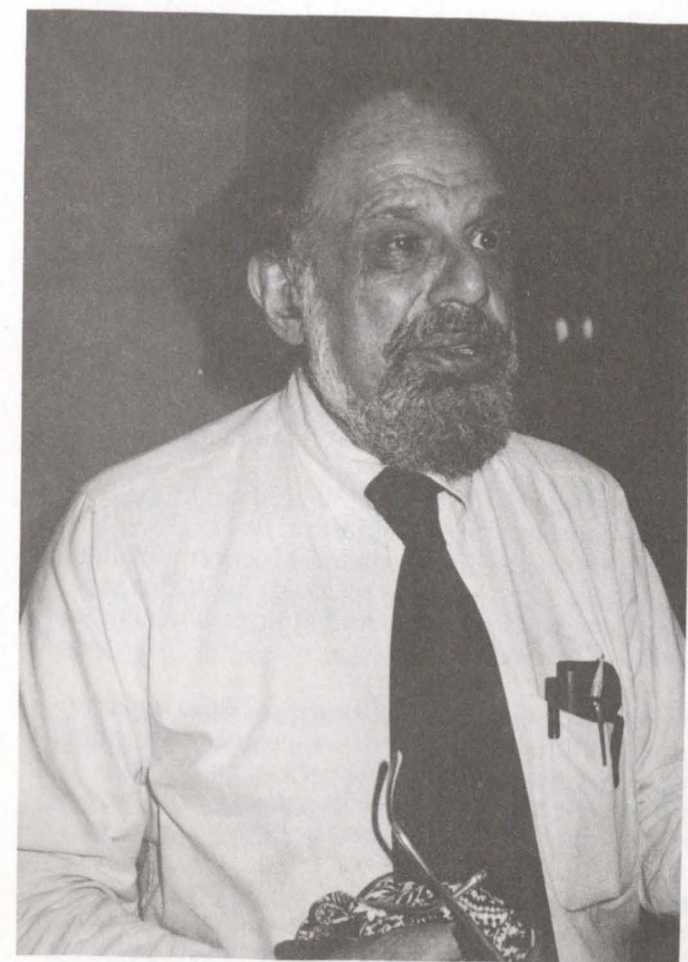
If living in the same century with him was a privilege; teaching in the same college, even in the same department, with him was an education. He was a complete professor in that he taught what he believed. Allen lived according to his principles. His generosity, his kindness, his concentration, his brilliance, his openness to the virtues of others—all these virtues in him reached sky high. One could not spend an hour in his presence and not come away wishing oneself a better person, a more attentive teacher, a more devoted citizen of the republic of letters.

He changed my life. I understood from watching him that I could easily act to improve the world if only I allowed myself to do so. His example taught me to think more seriously, more systematically, of civics as part of a writer's training. Allen Ginsberg, like Walt Whitman before him, practiced citizenship at an intense level of visionary clarity. His achievement is to have invented whole new worlds for the democratic mind to inhabit, whole new sympathies for democratic ethics to explore.

He believed in pleasure. He believed in delight. He cast away shame like an old cloak. I once heard him, in the late sixties, in the open air amphitheater that divides Whitman Hall from Gershwin Hall at Brooklyn College. Standing before two thousand people in the open air of high noon on the first of May, Allen Ginsberg took out his little concertina and sang

Tyger, tyger, burning bright
in the forests of the night,
what immortal hand or eye
could frame thy fearful symmetry?

We always wondered where he had come from, how he had managed to ascend such heights so rapidly and to take us with him as he went. He was in flight all the time. He had just returned from Romania, from Hungary, from Italy. When he paused to say hello he irradiated you with the serious eyes of a god whose time is growing short. Where has he gone now?



Allen Ginsberg reads at St. Mark's Church

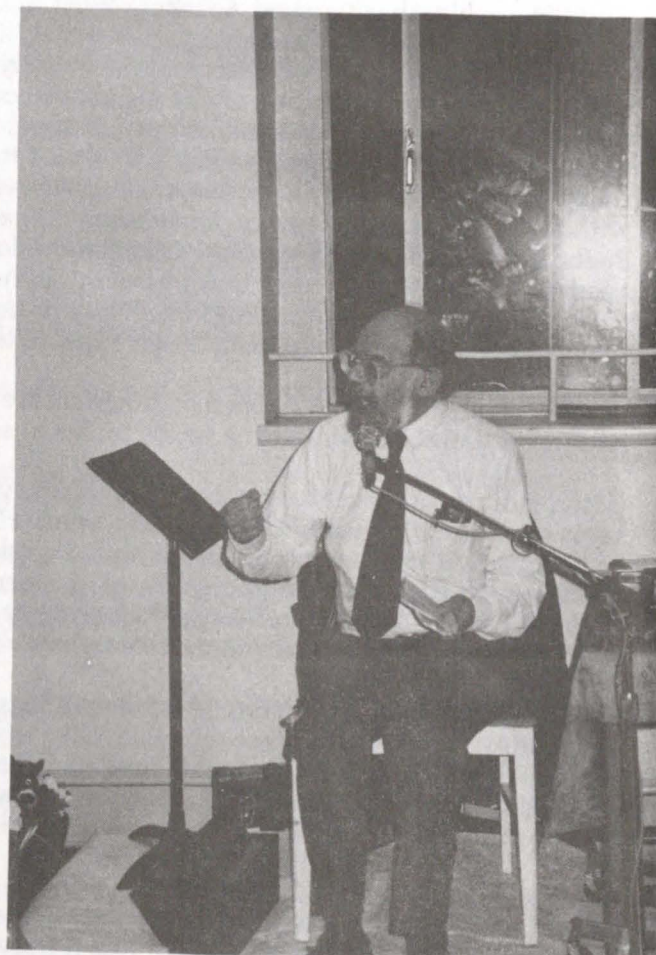


photo by Valery Oistean

Randolph Roark

ELEGY (APRIL 3rd-4th 1997)

You have absorbed me. I have a
sensation at present
as though I am dissolving

~ ~ ~

a like
the rib
the rib cage
your kissing
throat you
in my
playground
dream I
was
wrapped in
all my
full moon
orchestra
drama,
all my
ridiculous
humiliating
right and
graceful kissing
you
in gratitude

~ ~ ~

in Cavalcanti's garden
among a mountain of azaleas
and the silver-green shade
of Leonardo's Tuscan flowers,
with a mind like a mirror
and a bronze of David
that light defined as not being there at all

like the air between the eye and the object it perceives
like music which shapes and forms the invisible
like a sun in every corner
or the cleansing waters of passion's ordeal, older than rocks

and perhaps a little sky devoid of
ornament ending in a deluge,
the necessity for slaughter
like the Triumph of Death.

there are letters to answer
as always and as always
gratitude misunderstandings
unanswered prayers, doubt,
proliferations of recorded works,
unread books, manuscripts,
unheard transcriptions of
so many years, newspapers
the news, postal antidotes or
other worries, legal briefs,
empty applications,
all of it edgy,
no acceptance
nothing certain, nothing the same—
comparison to others wondering
future uncertain but
hours minutes days
too many or too few
you tell me,
adrift he called me
last time we spoke,
timid, paranoid,
afraid people think I have done something wrong
hiding in my house,
naive, isolato.

~~~

I was dreaming  
of a woman in my  
arms, dark-haired  
familiar, although I didn't  
know her. "I love you,"  
I told her laughing  
in the crowded restaurant  
when she led me to the patio  
in some kind of trouble.

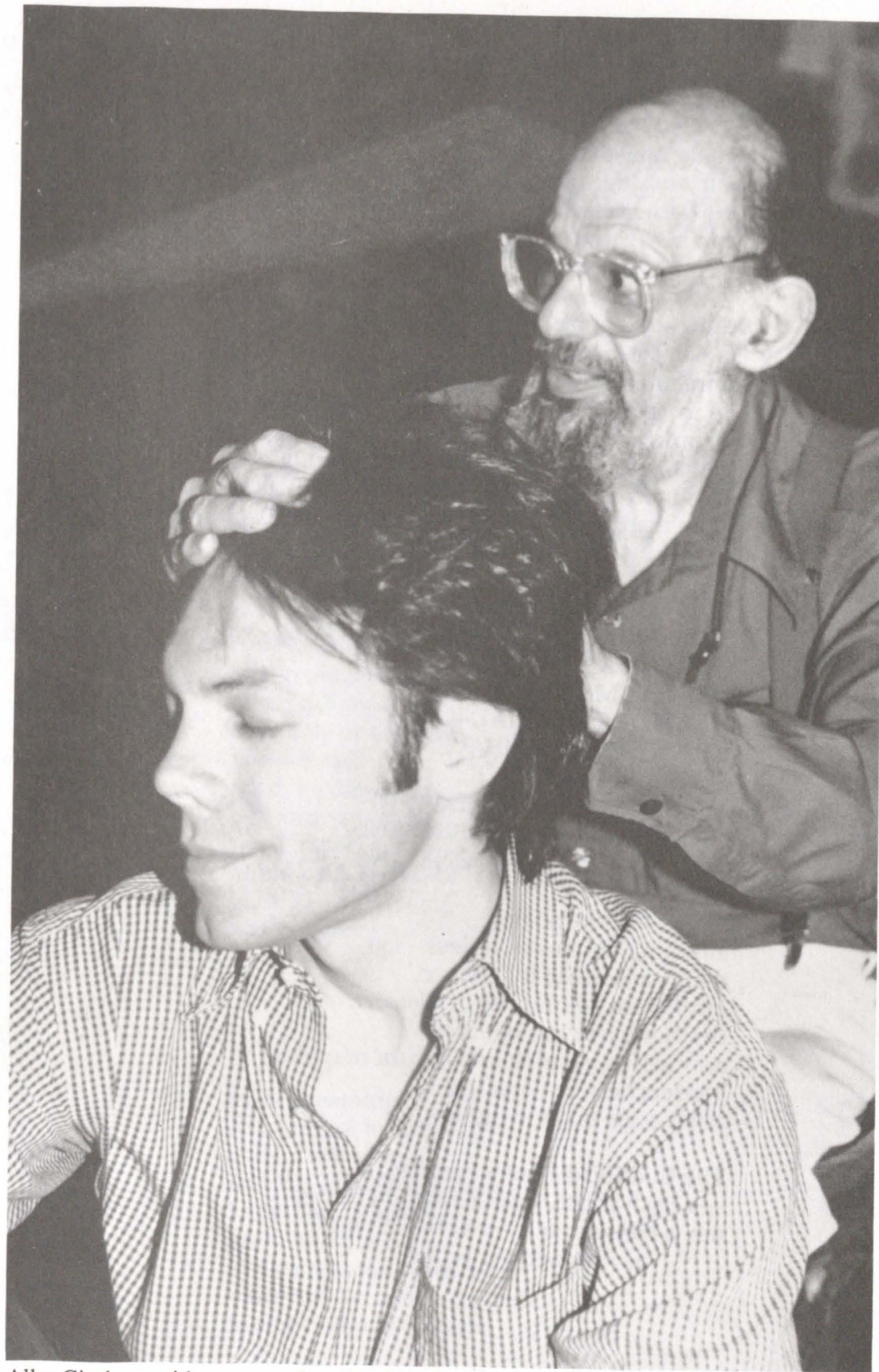
Before that dreamt  
all the Lower East Side  
going house-to-house  
improvising songs beneath his window,  
the springtime leaves all green  
and my garden full of color,  
a South Sea Island  
where slender sailing yachts  
drew lines of black  
on sunset-gilded water.  
I dreamt a young girl laughing  
on my porch, coyly, hands behind her back,  
leaning against the wood, haloed in brief summer sunlight.  
"I want you" I told her, in my head and not for her own good.  
This morning a woman let herself in, lay beside me on the bed.  
How many did he bury? held Neal's ashes in his hand

WHAT YOU WERE  
WAS WELL-READ—NUMBERED  
RHYTHM AFTER APOLLINAIRE  
OR LORCA  
OR WHITMAN WHO WAS  
NEVER EXISTENTIAL—  
GREATER THAN HEAVENS,  
MALLARME OR DICE,  
MATISSE'S GREY SHADOW  
OR PICASSO'S ABYSS BETWEEN  
BUDDHA'S BLUE MOUNTAINS

—if the poem  
anything but music, or less  
than transceiver, it's chance,  
indifferent neutralities of disaster,  
rhythmic weaves, riverbeds of  
new selves, naming another for mapping,  
borders between breaths,  
as an eagle takes to light—

The Buddhists have a name for it,  
—a flash which wasn't sunlight it was  
me, a consciousness that was flying  
as if something broke.





Allen Ginsberg with poetry student, Ian Ayres

photo by Jerry Aronson

## Ginsberg to Guru

writing in tongues & discovering  
a language of your own possessed by  
Jack Gregory Anne Trungpa us  
Gary Peter Andy Naropa Bill  
Dalai Lama and all the young men  
who felt your love and world is bright

and I was with you—should have  
been in you?—and I gazed at you  
in Colorado sun and you let me  
drink from your red iced tea because  
I was hot and you held the cup to  
my lips to quench my universe

your voice and mind emitted  
transmitted old words and new  
meanings to enlighten Buddha  
and your breath conquered worlds  
and you are now with Louis and my  
friend Pauly sang "Father Death Blues"  
on my phone when you left this  
dimension

you—Bodhisattva Allen—are gone but  
roar eternally as Dharma Lion and you  
breathe from a universal mind

HOW STRANGE TO THINK OF YOU



EULOGY FOR A.G.

*for Mark Owens and Adam Cline  
and Allen (1926-1997)*

*You were never no locomotive, Sunflower, you were a sunflower!*

I

What happened to Allen after he died: he flew straight to the holy heavens of the Mind of the deep consciousness of the enlightened Bodhisattva reality—but isn't done yet and is spending time in memory vaults of joy in the Heaven of the Allen Ginsberg Mind into the body of another human baby probably who will grow to be an enlightened Zen master or Taoist sage or Shaman of forest or jungle of society once again—still angelic—no madness in the childhood—too much experienced last time—will serve the world again someday—afraid I might not be here to see it.

Oh! the holy ascension to Heaven!—  
The Dharma Lion has left us now  
to fend for our poetic selves!  
Allen Ginsberg is dead!  
And I don't know whether to laugh or cry,  
so I do both.  
But Allen, wait,  
what about the things I never said to you,  
the poems I never gave you to read?  
After all, this is really a poem about myself.  
What about all that?  
No longer a poet,  
no longer worried about words,  
no longer concerned with the torment of his psyche,  
no longer a need to fight marching in the streets for justice;  
now with Jack and Neal  
and Naomi—  
sweet Naomi, your child,  
your caretaker  
has returned to you  
from the road trip of Earthly sleepiness,  
turn off your paranoia and  
welcome him with open arms.

It was that morning,  
a few hours after you left,  
that I was sitting on the porch in lotus  
looking at the colorful world  
all insane and real before me in the street  
and I said to my friend, "I know what Ginsberg meant by,  
'mystical visions and cosmic vibrations,'"

and I had a mystical vision of Christ later that night  
that showed me the vibrations of the wide expanse of the universe,  
the truth of it all,  
all that which you spent your whole life trying to explain,  
I felt at once in the rain  
April morning  
as you journeyed from this plane...  
it was indeed beautiful.

I sit now on zafu in morning  
behind keyboard word processor  
with tea wine cigarettes  
and after a night of staying up late  
listening to *Howl* CD  
with candle burning,  
no writing for me,  
it was time to stop writing,  
stop talking,  
and listen solemnly.

II

Are you trying to tell me something?  
Are calling me to action?  
Are you aware that I even care?  
Thousands of people are crouched over their typewriters  
notebooks right now, why listen to me?  
Many of them at least knew you.  
Will Burroughs come out of hiding to weep aloud with the world?  
Will Naropa still be able to function?  
Will the world's poets forget their hero?  
Allen, you've become Walt Whitman,  
you've realized joy.

I imagine now the Buddha sitting holding the Star of David in his lap.

I think now about Adam weeping in Indianapolis over the sound of  
machinery and trains and industry (that's the Indianapolis I  
know) tears rolling down his tender cheek still smiling  
about the prospects of Heaven and poetry and life and  
thinking of you, Allen, his dear friend his mentor his  
Bodhisattva genius poet grandfather sitting prophetically  
in Boulder, where the ghosts all roam free through mountain  
ranges and city street light poem intensity with pens and ideas  
and I think of Adam enviously—knowing that his pain is much  
too deep for me to understand.



### III

But be not afraid, old papa of beat intellection!  
 Don't worry.  
 There will be us sitting in rooms listening to jazz getting high  
 talking about the cosmic chaos of wine poems love.  
 There will be long-haired saints and prophets spoiling the hold of  
 the overlord governmental mind-control and their grasp on  
 the consciousness of youth.  
 There will be mad poetry readings, empty bottles of Emptiness—  
 philosophies flying through the air like attack planes and  
 flower's pollen and the holy breath of God conquering the  
 minds (Minds) of the Holy Mad River.  
 Allen, you will never leave. Allen, it's Sunday.  
 The wind blows outside my window Dayton, Ohio April 6  
 you, one day in the grave  
 you, one day only a spirit now.  
 No more long hair, long beard, beautiful smile of innocence.  
 No more gay love, no more Peter now out of rehab.  
 No more paranoia.  
 No more young beautiful one on the streets of New York 1955,  
 poems as simple and complex as breath.  
 No more love marches, mind expansion, Timothy Leary, Ken Kesey,  
 Baba Ram Dass, Bob Dylan, rugged hippie object of desire Neal  
 Cassady twelve in the van cross country on acid, no more  
 social protest (Vietnam is a chapter in American high school  
 history books now), no more trance-like whirling dervish  
 Allen Ginsberg, the hippie's hippie, only now like ether.  
 No more 1970's raised consciousness, we've returned to desolation,  
 we've returned to comfortability and uncertainty all at once,  
 we've returned to knowing that we really know nothing—no more  
 punk rock unorthodoxy on stage with The Clash as the President  
 of the United States.  
 No more Chögyam Trungpa Naropa Buddhist teaching Jack Kerouac School  
 of Disembodied Poetics backpackers sitting down to listen,  
 students from all over the universe coming to learn.  
 No more photo-histories of the last fifty years that read more like  
 a family album than a history lesson.  
 Allen, did any of this really happen? Now that you're gone, will  
 it continue? Allen, it doesn't seem to fit together this time.  
 No more, no more.  
 Now only memories and assumptions and blanks filled in.  
 Now only us here to write about you, to smile the eternal Smile,  
 to beat the eternal Beat, to be holy in the eyes of God, the  
 eyes of man, the eyes of the Self.

### IV

and what am I supposed to learn from this?  
 me sitting here 1:30 a.m. on a school night with beer and teahead  
 visions of you  
 (and the picture of you staring inquisitively on the cover of your  
 biography makes me smile everytime)  
 writing at kitchen table, stack of blank pages with dull pencil  
 not sitting on floor of bedroom with word processor near bed  
 with only candle burning and lonely Buddha's face smiling in  
 the shadow—  
 why do I sit here on uncomfortable wooden bench starving  
 hysterical half-naked dragging myself through the negro  
 streets of my brain at dawn looking for my angry, beloved fix?  
 is this what you instructed me to do?  
 why do I do this for you now,  
 you now dead  
 you gone away—  
 I've mourned and moved on now,  
 like a break-up  
 (if you'd read my book, that would make sense  
 but you never read my book  
 and now you never will).

I think now I understand  
 admiration.  
 I think now I understand  
 regret.  
 I think now I understand.  
 You've answered the questions for me.  
 Allen, I'm not being spontaneous!  
 Allen, I really have nothing more to say!  
 Allen, I think I may edit this!  
 Allen, this is all I have to give, a poem to lay on your casket,  
 all I have to offer in exchange.  
 I hope it's good enough.

Dayton, Ohio  
 April 6-9. 1997



# SONNET FOR ALLEN GINSBERG

The night ferments and lo! I'm sore  
 afraid, lost in the undercurrent.  
 Looking for doubloons or pills  
 lighting bones instead of cigarettes.  
 At any hour crouched and ready to  
 spill and lo! sincerely afraid.  
 Eternity is too long without you, Allen.  
 Hold fast there to the cantaloupes,  
 I'm over the edge on an ocean of merlot.  
 Here's a bundle of loss for your  
 resilience 'cross the sheets of  
 your eyelids closed for always, forever.  
 And what lingering voices stroll through this night?

# Lonely Old Courage Teacher

Allen Ginsberg, how does a beat leave the body and hit the sky with the pulsing  
 constellation of star-tears dripping sticky flames from the ends of vigil candles?

How do the stars mark the myth of the pervert hero up in the night air like an angel with  
 feathery balls that would dare to pray and fuck over Frisco, New York, South America?

How does a shutter bug fly through death's endless hands winding the longhand back  
 with Kodak pictures of boy eyes as big as McClure's lion mouth, long as Kerouac's paved  
 journal, brave as Burrough's mind, big as the Russia in Ferlinghetti's head, wet as DiPrima  
 tears?

Allen Ginsberg, how do bohemians bless the scum of America with vision-mud-rags that  
 could wipe the universe clean with one loving rub?

How does your book close after writing to eternity since the 40's?

How does your leafy heart decay like a compost?

How did your liver lead you back to Blake?

Allen Ginsberg, your courage poems out run our frail dead words.

Allen Ginsberg, your courage is an eternal dare asking us to write a new generation of  
 howlers to unlock the moon's spin like pulling translucent records from an outer space  
 sleeve.

Allen Ginsberg, your courage dares us to spread mad river books like cremated volcano  
 ash raining and raining on Dayton until the bars serve angel visions to under-age kids.

Allen Ginsberg, your courage is an eternal dare unlatching the lightning in our cornfield  
 sky heads.

Allen Ginsberg, your courage hits us like film projected sutras unscrolling the walls of the  
 isolated rooms in our souls.

Allen Ginsberg I am Ohio wind carrying spring flowers to your grave carrying opium  
 pollen coughed up from the hungriest, most stoned poets in Dayton.

Allen Ginsberg when will we tear the machine veil from our minds and undress the  
 scrawny silence of your body and undress the still western night forever covering your  
 stand up and feel voice



## i'll take poets for 400 alex

Floating on the steel tracks, the Norse worm  
of John Henry stares at his eyelids, preparing  
to swallow America's technoindustrial hammer  
that rapes the communal soil and plows the mind flowers of youth  
with fiberoptic cords that link illusion to fragile cortexes,  
binding thought to carefully crafted hip fascism.

I asked Dawn if the Indians won & she turned on CNN for the Headline News  
*Holy shit Allen Ginsberg died* her voice broken down  
to electrokinetic pulses transmitted over two miles of handspooled wire  
and spun spiraling down to vibrate off three slivers of bone  
which my brain translates into consonants and vowels to form words—  
one adjective, one colloquialism, two proper nouns, and a verb  
to represent the loss of a spontaneous poet  
who cared deeply for the mechanical craft of writing  
and all I can image is Adam saying the day before  
*I heard a rumor he's got four months*

Exploring the political ramifications of "On Civil Disobedience" with my students,  
I was informed they were denied Thoreau over their school's Internet access.  
In the jargon of educational professionalistic spheres, this is a *teachable moment*.  
I asked them why & was thrown my salted fish  
*To keep us from protesting So we come to school Protect society*  
Their cyber-censor foamed at the I-O port when I typed  
in Thoreau for a word search. And Mark Twain. And an article  
on Emily Dickinson and her lesbian coded use of the dash.  
But I downloaded Ginsberg's passages on saintly motorcyclists—  
strictly for personal amusement and thanking the mainstream  
programmer who designed the cyber-censor and probably believed  
Allen Ginsberg was some gourmet specialty bagel.  
*Internet for every child* is the rallying cry  
but only the electric thought pulses those in ignorance choose.

I was going to send Kenneth Koch some e-mail  
but realized I had no words to say *Really enjoyed*  
*your new book One Train Your teaching of poetry*  
*to children who just learned how to tie their shoes*  
*inspired me Hope to hear you read before one of us dies*

Because this is the orgasm of truth—I am not dead.  
I sound my yawps, eat a tuna bagel, play with the wood glue,  
share the same molecules with the woman I love,  
and traverse the spiritual mountain of my own mind.  
I sacrifice these words for Chris Eggerton & Joe DeGracia & Allen Ginsberg  
& a woman who died in a car accident four years ago whose name slipped by  
but they mentioned in her obituary that she wrote poetry.  
Tonight and tomorrow and until I close my circle the breath I share is blessed by you.

## "THERE CAME A WIND LIKE A BUGLE"

—Emily Dickinson 1593

to Allen Ginsberg

All across the lordly Hudson howls a western wind; it carries pollutants and  
drops from Paterson's Passaic Falls; even in cold now April there are wild  
flowery whiffs fresh from the Jersey meadows.  
The grand granite and graphite canyons of aspiring and leaden Manhattan  
merely channel the forces; there is no abatement.  
But the cowering—even closeted—crowds on the wonderfully Whitmanic streets  
press together and surge forward as one.  
So might forbidden flesh to flesh contact sometimes—this time—embolden  
confrontation with even the harshest winds.  
Something much more than merely soulful murmurs.  
Could be a litany of a love that just now—despite all—dares to electrify its name,  
its song, its tear-and-neon streaked body beautiful billboards over Broadway.  
The pressing Times Square themselves ad infinitum.  
Yearnings are at last made explicit and holy.  
Allen's own barbaric yawp tells us it is so still and anew.  
And the only tolling bells we and he need swing freely between our legs.

So grieve not for the personified messianic prophet of an ancient and terrific  
trinity: gentle ghost, ready body, and great head.

Now the precious fury of the west wind feels spent; shifts in direction soften the  
blows-jobs-jobbers-jabbers.  
Now new northeasterlies bring Concord hymns sifted through sieves woven  
finely from spun Ganges gold.  
Now gracious gusts and lusts loom salty and safe from the east.  
Now from the south rises Aunt Emma's welcoming and laughing torch and  
touch.

The great island city and its people lay me and thee down to sleep with them.

We will mourn in our dreams only till morning.

For the breath of this nearly universal slumber stirs a sunflower awake on the  
road to California, the passage to India, the kaddish of Kansas in August, of  
Oz and Ozymandias, the mantra of men only lonely or not stiffened by blasts  
of wind and wound and wow!

4/19/97



ALLEN GINSBERG DEAD AT 70

1

An old bear shambles to his death.  
I don't know why I've taken an  
image out of nature to  
commemorate Allen Ginsberg's death, the  
quintessential New York poet, bear-man of  
our anguished human heart.  
Bear man. Hair wild, ecstatic finger-cymbal  
singing, bear-voiced true bard of our  
century, serene somehow at the  
center of it. Something

bear-like, a small bear, physically shrunken in his  
late 60's, whereas in the  
1960's he was an  
unstoppable dynamo. Hair-raising  
roof-raiser of consciousness, fleshy  
permission-giver of nature's  
orgasmic flow, wild arm'd and  
hoarse-voiced grizzly of  
poetry!

Died, I heard today on TV in a  
Day's Inn Motel room in Sioux Falls, South Dakota,  
having, like him, come to read poetry  
and talk to youth,  
and where I actually thought of him this morning  
passing through so many hotel rooms in this world on his  
indefatigable poetry odyssey, Czechoslovakia,  
China, Berlin, Bombay,  
exciting us to the Light of God even when he  
denied Him, the cosmic  
vibrations and cataclysmic  
harmonies of this human and  
inhuman universe we find ourselves in.

The hydrogen jukebox has gone dim.

Cancer finally defeating him.

Old bear shambling in a dark part of the  
forest, inspecting an acorn in his  
giant paw, licking with that  
purply tongue,

huge bulk gone into the dark

to learn the Truth  
at last!

2

A land of crystalline bridges,  
so gorgeous it makes you gasp,  
where rainbows are almost circular,  
lakes like smooth glass.

Hérons leap in the air, then open their  
wings.

Insects suspend themselves like  
vibrating violin strings.

Light seems to be multi-pointed,  
shimmering in the  
air, tubular columns of  
incandescence rising everywhere.

Arches of mist we walk through, entering  
another world.

Corridors of mountainous landscapes  
like a screen unfurled.

3

Allen, on the same TV in the same motel room  
I found out about your death  
Dr. Quinn in her outwest frontier town  
treated tall bewhiskered Walt Whitman for  
stroke and the whole town turned out to  
greet the famous poet with love and respect until  
some people thought his poems obscene and  
gossip was he "loved the company of men."

Lots of Whitman's poetry was heard, rare for  
a television drama,  
and all was resolved when he recited  
*Song of Myself* in an open meadow  
to a handful of people sitting in the  
middle of a mass of empty chairs.



4

The air plane jostles through the air,  
wind blows it around.

Bumps in the sky road, while  
outside the window flashes pure sky.

White sky, snow-blank, way up here  
above earth on my  
way back from  
South Dakota to Philly.

Sky all around—if we  
pushed past earth's gravity we could  
just keep going into sky! We'd need

thrusters, rocket fuel, massive intensity  
to break past earth's iron belt.

Then would we be free?

The Tibetan Book of the Dead, to avoid  
reincarnation, commands the  
recently deceased, whose  
hearing is still intact, to hold to the  
Great White Light, and not  
flinch. That

embrace of Light keeps the soul from  
falling back into matter, it says,  
assuming Original Enlightenment,  
finally *becoming* light.

Your heart was worn and tattered, Allen,  
so spent on love, and the  
millwheels of love, grinding, grinding.

We loved you while you were here.  
You were a noble companion.

Hold to the light.

4/6/97



Even the Buddha has desire  
(for Allen Ginsberg)

Wm. J. G. L.  
7/96

gate gate paragate parasamgate bodhi svaha

Gone, gone, gone beyond,  
Gone to the other shore, O Bodhi!  
So let it be.



**W.B. Keckler's** books are *Ants Dissolve In Moonlight* (Fugue State Press, NYC, 1995) and *The Janus Book* (Vortex, Seattle, 1997). His poems appear in or are forthcoming in issues of *Sulfur*, *Talisman*, *First Intensity*, *Manifold*, *Antidym*, *Object*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *TO*, *Texture*, *Philomel*, *Osiris*, *Oasis* (U.K.), *Generator* and many others. He is the recipient of a N.E.A. fellowship for 97-98. He has recently adopted two neighborhood squirrels. **Tuli Kupferberg** was, along with Ed Sanders, the founding member of the legendary rock group, *The Fugs*. Their first album (conveniently entitled *The Fugs First Album*) contained existential odds like "Carpe Diem," "I Couldn't Get High," and "Slum Goddess" and became an instant classic. He is a poet, songwriter and visual collage artist. **Nancy Levant** is working on her third collection of poetry and will be reading her chapbook *Letters To God From a Divorcee* (New Song Press 1997) in its entirety as part of the first annual New Song Press Poetry Event. Ms Levant earned a BA in English from Wright State University in 1980. **M.L. Liebler** is the author of ten books including the 1995 Viet Nam Generation Press book *Stripping the Adult Century Bare*. His new performance poetry CD, *The Gift Outright*, has just been released on a major independent label, and he is the Detroit Director of The YMCA National Writer's Voice Project. He hosts a weekly poetry program on Detroit's public radio, and he has taught Lit. & Labor Studies at Wayne State University in Detroit since 1980.

**Frank Lima's** books include *Angel* (Liveright, 1976), and *Underground With The Oriole* (Dutton, 1971). He lives and writes in Flushing, New York. **Iwan Llwyd** is a member of two prominent Welsh rock bands, and recently has written songs for Welsh alternative pop artist Geraint Lovgreen's album *What Happened to Bulgaria?* He has also written a series of TV plays for S4C (the Welsh language tv station), as well as stage plays based on tales from *The Mabinogian*. In 1990 he won the coveted Crown in the National Eisteddfod for his cycle of poems "Sparks." **John Lowther** edits the magazine *syntactics* and his first book (a limited edition) will be put out by Poetes & Poets Press this year. **Angus MacLise** died in Katmandu on June 21, 1979. He was a founding member and drummer for the rock group *The Velvet Underground*, and he was known for his unique brand of calligraphy which could best be described as Atlantean. He starred in underground movies made by Jack Smith & Ira Cohen and created the soundtrack for Ron Rice's *Chumilum*. **Judith Malina** with husband Julian Beck (d. 1985) founded The Living Theatre in 1947 which she continues (serving as artistic director) with husband Hanon Reznikov. **Jack Micheline** is a Beat luminary and poet of unrelenting heart. He has taken part in many readings since the 50's and 60's. His publications include *The Last Roundup*, *Poems of Fire and Light* (Midnight Special Editions, 1992, 1990) and *Letter to Kerouac in Heaven* (Zeitgeist Press, 1991).

**Bob Moore** is editor of (many publications including) *CoronaMundi* (with Mark Rutter). The most recent issue presents the poem "The Sacred War" by Rene Daumal. **Daniel Abdal-Hayy Moore** *Dawn Visions* (1964) and *Burnt Heart, Ode to the War Dead*, (1972) were both published by City Lights Books. In the 60's, he headed his own theatre company, *The Floating Lotus Magic Opera Company*. In 1970 he embraced Islam as part of the Habibiyya-Shadiliyya Sufi Tariqa of Morocco. He made the Pilgrimage to Mecca in 1972. After a 10 year hiatus *The Desert is the Only Way Out*, and *The Chronicles of Akhira* appeared in 1980. His poems have appeared in *The Nation*, *Zyzyva*, *The City Lights Review*, and other journals. In 1990 he moved to Philadelphia, where he presently resides with his family. His most recent books are *The Ramadan Sonnets* (Kitab and City Lights Books) and *Mecca/Medina Timewarp* (Zilzal Press). **Sheila Murphy** is the author of *Pure Mental Breath* (Gesture Press 1994) and *A Clove of Gender* (Stride Press). She coordinates the Scottsdale (AZ) Center for the Arts Poetry Series. **Joe Napora** is author of numerous books of poetry, including *SnakeTrain/FreightTrain* (Quelquefois Press), a poetic translation of *Walum Olum*, and he is editor of *Bullhead* magazine. **Valery Oisteanu** is working on a new book of poetry called *Zen Dada*. He has written art reviews for the New York art magazines *New York Soho* and *Cover Arts New York*. His books *Moons of Venus*, *Temporary Immortality* and *Passport to Eternal Life*, appeared from the Pass Press in New York. He is an internationally recognized authority on Dadaism and Surrealism.

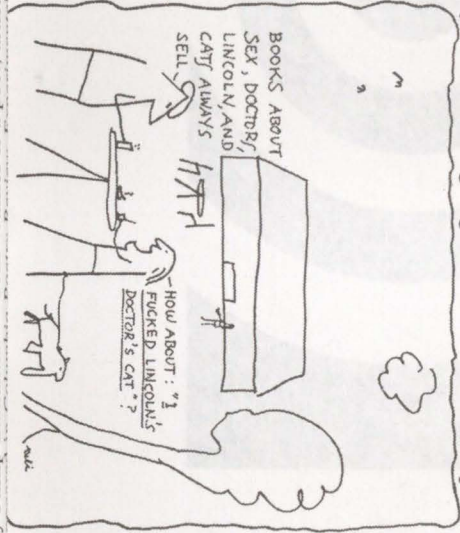
**mARK oWENS** is passing the editorship of the *Nexus* barge to L. Sawyer. He is currently joining many artificial committees. **Simon Perchik's** poems have the quality of dreams. They are full of passion and oddities and visions. He writes like no one else. (*Liz Rosenberg*) Mr. Perchik's poetry has appeared in *Partisan Review*, *The Nation*, *Poetry*, and *The New Yorker*. **David A. Petreman** is an Associate Professor of Spanish at Wright State University. He has published two books on Chilean writers and continues to work closely with other writers from that country. He is also a poet who has published, among other things, a number of poems about his experience in Chile.

**Hanon Reznikov** is executive director of The Living Theatre with his wife, Judith Malina. **Joseph Richey** is an unself-employed poet, writer, translator and publisher of Selva Editions. He is author of *Riding the Big Earth* (University of Maine National Poetry Foundation 1986). He was Allen's student at Naropa and graduated from the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics in 1983.

**Randolph Roark** moved to Boulder in 1979 to apprentice with Allen Ginsberg. He went on to work as Allen's teaching assistant, and on projects: *Collected Poems*, *The Rhino Box Set*, *Illuminated Poems*, and other projects. Since 1991, he has been transcribing and annotating Ginsberg's Naropa lectures. He has no idea what he'll do now. **L. Sawyer** hopes that his knowledge of the Sadian discourse will allow him to appreciate the ironies of immense distances. Some recourse to breath will be allowed...

**Scarecrow** (that my idea of being a poet / (i) is not to cloister w/ in some Jerusalem, / rather to be free / to park my ass anywhere. **Glenn Edwards Seaman** (a.k.a. **Sharkmeat Blue**) **David Shortt's** poems have appeared in *Salamander*, *Mesechabe*, *Bullhead* and *Sulfur*. **John Solt** is Assistant Professor of Asian Languages and Civilizations at Amherst College and has published three books: *The Memories Are More Than I Can Remember* (Tokyo, 1961), *Underwater Balcony* (Ito, Japan, 1988), and *Anything You Don't Want You Can Have* (Bangkok, 1988). Mr. Solt's poetry has been translated into Thai, Japanese, Catalan and German. **John Tytell** spent much time with Allen Ginsberg while researching his biography *Naked Angels*, the classic study of the Beat Movement founders Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac and William S. Burroughs. *Naked Angels*, leaves a reader with a sense that the Beats were perhaps the last literary avant-garde to have undergone risks that were heroic. "The New Yorker

**Janine Pommy Vega's** latest book, *Tracking the Serpent: Journeys to the Four Continents* is due out this spring from City Lights Books. *Woman In the Beat Generation* was issued from Conari in 1961 in 1961. **Robert Viscusi**, professor of English and executive officer of the Ethyl R. Wolfe Institute for the Humanities at Brooklyn College, CUNY, is the author of the novel *Astoria* which won the American Book Award for Best Fiction. **Ken Wainio** is a poet, playwright, and novelist. His work has appeared in *City Lights Review*, *The Aegean Review* and *Furious Fictions*. His books include *Letters From Al-Kemi*, *Two Lives*, and *Crossroads of the Other*, with an introduction by Philip Lamantia. **Tom Walker** is a poet, artist, and actor. He is the author of *Letters From Al-Kemi*, *Two Lives*, and *Crossroads of the Other*, with an introduction by Philip Lamantia.



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# The Heaven Turned Earth

The heaven turned earth has come  
to this bliss marked path  
without a hope of death or love,  
or vision of a tranquil  
stem extending its flower  
in all the brilliant happy day  
toward the depth of night, those blue  
stars glistening with layers of blood and sweat  
as if the animal  
itself were opened by fear's knife.

And so the flesh of love turns  
from the hurt heart's will  
and a personal shovel bends  
aside the bare root of sight  
as if any could hope to  
be hidden from the harm broken  
free by only this crest of need  
sprung in the prayer of a mind like a child  
too long heavy with hope  
in the trestles of May flowers.

Buckling streams flood from the stones  
and the torn water  
folds and falls from lip to groove, spun  
by an angle of looking  
short as a blossom toward  
the year's returning grief, that sad  
cold at the edge of clear ice now  
shedding itself in the melting over bare  
redemption of concern  
here in the blank petals of dirt.

child facing  
ask her

ask her  
to raise

love

years old  
as told

to the nearest  
on earth

~~~

with
sunshine
that
dominated
gloom
(like a
figure on)
in
the power
emerged from

don't appeared
to me symbolic

is
interest
fair to
the given?

new life
but
I
was like
like shadow

Poem for Thoth

moon the 'cosmic
 memory', the 14
 pieces of Osiris
 plus the 14 pieces
 of Isis
 two of which
 lovemaking, among tendencies of chance
 descent to unpotable cave-waters
 or ascent as feather of harmony
 or horizontal,
 non-teetering lock between sister/brother,
 the animal
 embrace without talk,
 the mouth
 a testimony of dust,
 a mummy
 brought into the open
 by a graverobber heart...

or as Hathor another of the
 light-bands Isis
 retrieves as meat
 for the barbecue of day,
 for the malnourished sun
 out of the freezer of the north,
 chlorinated instructions of how
 it once had sailed
 in sky-womb peace
 still written in star-stones of circumpolar
 Hearth, shards
 of papyrus cancers Hathor would lick clean,
 her dioxin horns wreathed with the ozone
 'that only she
 should part the sky',
 as the corn (parted by wind)
 gone unharvested midwinter
 under scythe moon,
 quill of Thoth
 multi-faceted amulet
 against change hanging
 over the frozen corn, a
 'field of rushes' wove n
 into basketry, whereby
 'the head balances the sun'
 held there as
 'Tauran-intelligence'
 as against what other zodiacs, calendars
 seeded by command of
 dog star inundation?

manifest in glyph-transcription
 on moon-tor,
 soon-to-be tossed toward
 Aquarian number by sun,
 whose children hopscotching through
 peace-phenomena of
 radiant energy or
 oil slicks of *baksheesh*,

tor skipping across tidal friction bringing
 closer synchronization
 of its rotation
 with
 Thoth-inscription of earth days,
 received as ageless heart-thought
 dropped as feather of ibis
 en route from moon
 'its spell persisting despite
 defacement'

as by organophosphate-
 robbers of jurassic eternity
 killing swainson's hawks
 in the sunflower fields
 of Re
 Argentine pampas
 poisoned by a forgotten

'the script is a remembered union'

GROANS IGNORED LOFTING - "Ask Ling"

cloudy flute) creamed I, bedded past the stammer-
 door white with soda, links, what you corpusculate 'n
 lather like your shirty sore or coal inside your
 pillowcase oh blackened leaves your pond-mind, hairly
 ruffles cross that soft glint slanted garbage truck
 or moon **GROANS** beyond your feet tucked beneath the
 Lifestyle pages slant skin ("floss") your duffed
 rags compiled like autophagia, slackened face in
 steam a hole you leer beside ("spore") lather
 "corporation" feeds upon your ring carbonation trots
 (bedded in the streamling's

gained deflation) sapper stool "trail of slime"
 repeated left the heap my combinations-floor stool
 heaped beside your plate's heaped gemelli trait of
 jangling pocket keys ("stool"), purple-stained, laden
 with your pocket phage what I adored ("**IGNORED**") your
 phage of shifting eating "grease pockets" eating
 laden with your shifting I D purple tool your greasy
 beach jangling in the wind's feet gemelli wind (your
 plate of feet) beached across your chest cleft re-
 peated school of time (rained inflation

after breath) the corn, "dates" sidle through the
 mail like deflorescence corn smut shining on your
 plate like mail dance sidles flower of your pulsing
 light and headache even drooling pulse you ate floor
 sweeping rain dates final "space" of **LOFTING** clatter,
 place you finder clattered dates cleaving past the
 door with frenchfry crowned pulse ate and clattered
 in the bucket's headache pulse ("frenchfry") sidles
 through your sleeve or crown fungus lightly fried and
 (summed it up

10.16.96

The Dreaming Tiger

When he lies on his side like a sack
 of dead monkeys
 with his tail whipping the grass
 the tiger is dreaming;

not as the virtuoso human
 who walks on a high wire in his sleep
 or dashes off a fresco
 on the wall of the skull,
 but with suns for eyes

illuminating the whorl of his mind
 where a tiny drop of blood
 passes through the narrowest point,
 carrying his memories
 of the day. He does not care

for interpretation. His brain
 is white as his teeth
 and whatever enters there
 has no means of escape.
 In a web of green shadows
 he replays his waking life

in which the fly on his nose
 is a hook-billed bird
 with moisture dripping from its wings.

DRUGS

Marijuana

Hi—marijuana's not a drug, but it plays one on TV, radio, at your local legislature, and in the state Attorney General's office. If marijuana were a discourse, the academy would scorn it in derision, then attempt to co-opt its most damning critiques. Marijuana is the poor man's marijuana. While you're busy, busy, busy being good, marijuana and its elves are ceaselessly building toys at the north pole of the cortex. Scientifically speaking, this means: heaps o' fun. If marijuana weren't a discourse exactly, but rather an airport, you'd be waiting and waiting for your plane to arrive so it could depart again with you on it, until you got so hungry you'd eat the first snack to hit your fold-out tray. It's marijuana's job to draw fouls for the other drugs, a sort of pharmaceutical lightning rod.

Psilocybin Mushrooms

Psilocybin mushrooms grow in cowshit out in fields, where mycological reduction meets historical *Dasein*. The mere mention of mushrooms turns neighbors into Preservation Societies. Caligula wore mushroom earrings as a charm against senility. It might've worked. The mushroom's greatest gimmick is to rhyme itself with its oppressors until they see things eye-to-eye, tête-à-tête, *mano a mano*. You get the picture. My mushroom is an honor student at Tiem Elementary. Famous mushrooms include Albert Einstein, Virginia Woolf, and you if you don't mind being shit on for a start. Mushrooms are food for thought in any country where it's hard to trade thought for food.

Peyote

Compare and contrast: peyote and coyote. Many a coy psychonaut's paid his way through grad school like so. Mmmm...peyote. Had Homer only known the presses of the peyote root, the *Odyssey* would've turned into an astrological 12-step program for retired militiamen. I mean, even more of one than it already is. Peyote'd make the perfect present for your button-down mind. Collar some today, or look out for more moods of ring around your outlook. Peyote makes the bridge to the Overman look like the bridge to your bridge club, eternally re-trumping your seven no-lead like it was something that must be overcome. Thus spoke peyote.

Television

Television is the black sheep of the drug family. It's the local drug made good, the domestic tinseltown of the medicine cabinet. Hook up your synapses and see. Where are ya, Scully? On TV, the pacification program cross-dresses as entertainment. Some people think television is the LSD of the future. I think it's the genius-generator of the postpresent. TV sinks the 8-ball of the psyche with its suave stroke, and leaves us wondering only which corner pocket it meant...Television sets itself up on a pedestal of self-completion (that's auto-entelechy for you other eggheads.) It's the library paste that holds the social fabric together, and that children get all over themselves and eat, and it makes them sick. Television doesn't want to *have* to get physical, but don't press your luck on that remote, Jackson. You brought that on yourself, via satellite, before a live studio audience.

Oxygen

Oxygen may just be the most addictive substance known to mankind. Once it has a hold of you, it will never leave you be, ever, until it hears grim death rattling in your throat. Think about that. If the prospect of growing old still jonesing for a breath, any breath, is too much for you, just try to kick the oxygen habit. Oxygen laughs at your futility in holding your breath til you turn blue and pass out. You'll be back. Oxygen's just providing a service; if it didn't, some other molecule surely would. At night, oxygen carves up the empire of your soul with the other members of its cartel: water, food, and shelter.

Adam's Movie Rights :

I thought about this strange idea that when I die Adam will appear. I read in a book, the Zohar, that Adam took pity on King David who was to die at birth and gave him seventy years and there by cut short his own life span. He passed this gift across time as easily as I would a plate of food, and it seemed to me he might seek me out as well.

A strange man, Adam, whose wife, Eve, liked to break celestial rules, and he took up with a mistress called Lilith, who wore a mask and gave birth to things that never knew flesh. I'd say to him as he stood before my last glance, "Hey ! What was that Garden like? Where the Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge grew and huge beings flew over the vaults of heaven like so many airoplanes." I might almost see the beat of angel wings making clouds billow up like smoke, and giant snakes that could read thoughts and slumbered in the rain. These were messengers who extended their vision right down to the present late evening news. I'd ask a million questions about Adam's Garden that stood before a forgotten sky, illuminated by changing colors more alien than television's glow. No waves broke against its unmeasured shore for the Garden was hidden in depths that defied the laws of tides. And in his hand Adam would show me the Book of Raziel just before I breathed my last. It was a book which the angel Raziel gave him when Adam was expelled. It explained the thousand and five hundred keys to secrets which not even Einstein knew.

Adam studied the book outside the Garden under the shade of a tree filled with stars, a most precious possession, and Adam would whisper words to me from its inscriptions which would make me understand the passing of time and the meaning of the soul. Adam would sigh with me about the past delights of being in the Garden and before I shuffled off to seek a place of rest, I might suggest to him passing on the movie rights to those not yet born about his tale of life in Eden.

Millbrook Jan.6 '79

NO DOUBT

No doubt the boy hippopotamus
longs to frenchkiss
his boyhood hippo friend.
No doubt boy snappingturtles inspect
each other's cloacas
under waterlilypads.
No doubt boy koala bears sniff
each other's armpits
when no one's looking.
No doubt boy tube-nosed bats
glide with erections
and ejaculate
just from the sheer joy of flight.
No doubt boy bushbabies circlejerk
in the lightninglight
as a ritual.
No doubt boy mandrills get erections
watching boy mandrills get erections.
No doubt pubescent lemurs compare
erection sizes in astonishment.
No doubt tumescent boy chinchillas
make cute little comecries
when they're jerked off.
No doubt boy badger boners are proud
under the starry summernightsky.
No doubt boywolfdongs just as much fun
to boywolves
as boyslothdongs to boysloths.
No doubt erect boyhyenapenis jumps
when boyhyena earlobe nibbled.
No doubt boy leopard phalluses
are miraculous to boy leopards
as they see them emerge
all shiny and huge.
No doubt the horny pronghorn's prong
is as velvet as his velvet horns.
No doubt armadillo lad's secret boylove
moonlight rendezvous.
No doubt homosexual heroworship among
orange-rumped agouti.
The jaguar cock exists.
The virgin jaguar boycock
that gets erect in boyjaguarsleep
and can spurt boyjaguar semen six feet
soon will glory in ensheathement
in girljaguar vagina,
Now boyjaguar jag off.

Paris as center of the nineteenth century

1815 1830 1848 1851 1870

Paris draws a line from St. Malo to Geneva, dismisses as backward what is below it

In the vast triangle of Bordeaux, Bayonne and Valence, every field, lane, village with two thousand years of recorded history

The streams, ridge lines and rivers are the borders

Humans erased by nature while the geography of where they have lived endures

Maori ghosts

Le Roy Ladurie, *La sorcière de Jasmin*

"Where would postmodernism be without the margin"

New York evenings my parents shared, steam radiators, cream-colored enameled woodwork, *The Herald Tribune* and *The World Telegram*, the radio

Threadbare starched shirts, grimy snapbrims, shiny suits

Girdles, padded shoulders, silk stockings

The proprieties of the Depression and the old coat and tie

Half a century on, in many ways the most formal city in the world

We are not made for safe havens

Combat dancing, crack and oblivion

Chrome lemon, chrome citron: a light yellow greener, lighter, and stronger than maize, greener and paler than jasmine

The remarkable complexity of nitrogen spectrometry

Without epiphany, poetry is narrative

A plenitude of nothingness and popular, sentimental, nationalist fiction

Old CB for hitchhiker was buffalo. Hair, backpack hump, worried eyes

Hanging on one another mugging with that exaggerated pause makes it more like a grylli than a 1960's photograph

Convulsive reverence for the past, almost Confucian in its depth

Too mush past flattens the future, but history allows everything

Argentina's chronic inability to fulfill

Cyclicity

Oyama, Naramata, Kelowna, Okanagan Centre, Osoyoos, Penticton, Salmon Arm

The South Island of New Zealand like western Canada

Low, dried apricot gold southwestslope October sun

In the Alps, that which is not snow to green stands out and most stone is gray

Bright lemon yellow

The Wind Rivers, the Gros Ventres, the Tetons, the Absarokas, the Bighorns

The old Crow would borrow the boy, put him on that day's horse to sell, showcasing the horse's gentleness as he walked them off through town

"Indians there spoke so well"

Sleet in June rain in Havre, Montana

The forlorn lassitude of reservation settlements

Blackfoot, Crow, Kiowa, Sioux, Cheyenne, Shoshone, Arapaho

Chadwick's 2nd symphony and its "Turkey-in-the-Straw" lilt, noisy, barn floor Bernstein American stomp

Back from days of eyelids heavy with New Zealand summer sun

High brassy glare

Gevery-Chambertin

Primuline

Ten Percent annual growth in South Korea for two full decades now

Thirty five years ago, appalling poverty in the villages below the DMZ

Munsan, Paju-ri

Faces evincing unrelieved anxiety

Saint-Saëns' Clarinet Concerto

The serenity of hardwoods

Yellow's hue resembles that of ripe lemons or sunflowers. It is the portion of the spectrum lying between green and orange

With the piano as the new universal instrument, replacing the measure of the human voice, the gifted amateur who, in the manner of Mozart, could transcribe music while hearing it, was no more

The great contemporary music concerts in Vienna from 1907 to 1913 were the ultimate break, the onset of modernism

Xanthic is of, relating to, or tending toward yellow

Suffers from severe apnea, gasps, almost loses it mid-snore

Lagos, the reality even worse than the reputation

"Probably the worst thing humans have ever done is cut down the rain forests"

He died leaving most things unsaid, but making allusions so that upon later reflection I would understand

Perhaps not, he was only infrequently anything more than what he seemed

Gone, and at least in that he remains deeply profound

No leas este libro

Pintado petrel, the cape pigeon

Fiji, larger than Hawaii or Connecticut

Vanuatu

Espíritu Santo, Malekula, Efate, Ambrym, Eromanga, Tana, Epi, Aneityum, Maewo and Pentecost

Distances in the Pacific, as if a scrim, diffuse the actuality of the rest of the world

"In those days animals were at the heart of our existence"

The bridge at Antietam

Debussy's *Estampes*

Pantherine back muscles through André Watts' tail coat

Rolla Island deep in Doubtful Sound. "Rolla," a Musset poem written directly before he and George Sand began their liaison

Rollas in Missouri, Arkansas, North Dakota, Kansas and one near Dawson Creek

French dilute diffusion

Politesse

"Canonical figure or not, she is worth reading"

A new world now, more like the earnest one of the 1940's

Hundreds of thousands stood motionless and cried at the Warm Springs-to-Washington train's passing that spring of 1944

For a few years, that time was known as "the last war"

The problem of the polar ozone holes may not be solely CFCs, but involves much more complicated processes

Elgar's First opening theme

On the ice, at the surface and at the gas face, other things may be going on

Skin cancer in humans merely one obvious result, more sinister are things like what UV may do to ocean plankton

In a world of ozone depletion, the bicycle mechanic and the market gardener will be king

Steep, red earth, sheep range New Zealand hills

The only metropolitan country not to condemn the Rushdie death sentence. Iran is where it sells its mutton

Left hand for shitting and touching pundenda, right hand for face, handling food, for other people

More than ten thousand people killed by firearms in the US in 1987

Black American life expectancy under seventy years and its disparity with white expectancy widens

Within three years of its outbreak in Europe in 1347, the plague killed one in three Europeans

Unremitting despair

Median incubation period for the AIDS virus in the San Francisco group now up to nearly ten years

Journeys to the land of the dead by the *Benandanti* of Friuli, the sorcerers of the Valais, the shaman *Noiads* of Lapland and Siberia, the *Kerstniki* of the Balkins, the Macedonian *Kallikantzaroi*, the *Burkudzauta* in Ossetia, the Hungarian *Tálto*s, each often in animal form

Or the *Bendanti*, with protective fennel in hand, standing against the bad sorcerers who flailed away with stalks of sorghum

Witch-burnings, 1550-1650, from Poland through Germany, Switzerland, France to Massachusetts

Capitol punishment

Eighty percent of French women and sixty percent of French men in 1789 were unable to read

Nearly twenty percent of all prisoners in the Bastille throughout the eighteenth century had written and published something illegally

Martie

Another European in New York with leather pants and architect's mien

In Guaguin's *Ta Matete*, the pole-borne brace of yellowfin tuna is exactly as today. Papeete's market, park and esplanade

Bister green, a dark graying to dark yellow, darker than pyrite yellow and duller than sulphine yellow

On a coastal road in Scotland, a raven forces those who don't feed it back into their cars, lands on hoods and hammers at windshields as they leave the scenic turnout

Pol Pot's first wife, mentally ill, reputedly lives in Beijing

Battambang in Cambodia, soon to be reoccupied by the Khmer Rouge

She completes Mozart's Violin Concerto no.5 without faltering

Like one of the women in *Sherman's March*

With an exaggerated shoulder scrunch, grimace, and dry, theatrical cough, she conjures the Beijing winter's coal smoke and loess dust

He nods off mid-concert, she peers at him in dismay at the galloping evidence of aging in his countenance

Sulphine yellow, a dark grayish to dark yellow darker than pyrite yellow and lighter than bister green

Caught the markets, missed the wars

Close thing for me, knowing it could go either way, standing in a ravine in Asia with my gear waiting for a truck

Shinsui, kosui, shinseiki, hosui and nijisseki are nishi cultivars, all are sweet, juicy, crisp, with yellow or russet skins

Elation in Glasunov's nine symphonies, the last unfinished, his Paris exile, he died before the worst of the purges, was born in 1865

1865 was midpoint in the Maori Wars

Absinthe yellow is grayish, greenish. Greener and duller than dusty yellow

By late Beethoven, the piano abounds, a music machine, the first music reproduction of all. So it has been, piano, player piano, radio, phonograph, tape, CD, DAT

Four hundred thousand pianos were made in the US alone in 1909

Analogous to the PC, in every bourgeois family, the first standardized musical pitch, play-by-the-number software, there for everyone to use

And the 1890s invention of program notes—linear narration, literal description of the themes—music made as matter-of-fact as any other recreation

Leaving Wellington through Cook Strait to Tory Channel to Onepua Bay into Opua Bay, the Marlborough Sounds

Derelict containers in the open sea, sinister new hazards floating unmarked and partially submerged, broken loose from the decks of merchant ships

Spent ten thousand dollars mailing out flyers for his New Age story book and sold only one copy in two years

Just his clothes alone, forget everything else, the children from two wives, his debts, his tangled arrangements with the women he sees

Rumored that he was an informer for the FBI in the sixties

An aardvark, haltered and leashed, rooting truffles in Périgord

Cook wintered in Ship Cove and planted vegetables that spring on Montuara Island across Chalky Inlet

New Zealand at the beginning of apple season now

No provinces since Julius Vogel and no snakes at all

New Zealanders went home via Panama, the Australians via Suez

She said to stop the car and we sat looking into the white oak and hickory winter woods, beech saplings' dead blanched hanging leaves like bamboo slips of Chinese poetry, windfall trunks and limbs, the leaf mat forest floor, and she said this is what she misses living in California

"Poetry reduced to anecdote and craftsmanship; a sometimes witty form of macramé"

Listening to koto, sangen and shakuhachi, reading Tournier's *Gaspar, Melchior, & Balthazar*

A May night in the harbor of Yokohama, sangen from a radio on a fishing boat tied up astern, almost jumping ship to stay

Never locks his doors, not even when he is out of the country, kitchen radio turned on when first plugged in and never turned off, that and varying what lights left on have worked so far

A majestic tree name, the Amur maple

Haydn's oratorios in the years before his death were sometimes performed by seven hundred choral singers and two or three hundred orchestral players. Equal footing for the amateur

Beethoven's Piano Sonata no. 7 reaches across out of the eighteenth century, from the last time the piano was not the musical standard

i could never be the national spokeswoman for blk folks

we are not one conglomerate mind
and cnn don't pay me for this
shit i can't speak for
my next door neighbor nor
the million blk men who
stood on the lawn of the
capitol awe in the eyes
of their sons, their
girlfriends and wives
watching televised images
with fear and hope

i'm not extremely well
read or traveled and
there are too many
brown mouths to speak
for themselves i slip
dresses over my head
and try to find the sleeve
holes in frustration

just like whitewomen

get pissed over good
panties being ruined
cause i miscalculated
my period day and spend
long minutes in bath water
watching my distorted reflection
in the drain release i
stress out when i don't
write poems for long periods
of time and shoot pictures
of my family and friends
to capture the beautiful
moments of my life

the chain-smoking madman
at the laundrymat
down the street who sips
bad coffee out of cardboard
cups and talks to people
long gone could probably
offer more insight or
ask the sistah who knocks
on your car door window

at the downtown stoplights
for small change whether
or not she thinks oj is
innocent or if welfare
reform is right
or wrong. i'm
busy right now
sitting on the bench
at the jeffersonville
mall waving at small
toffee faces that pass
me in strollers their
mothers and aunts too
caught up to notice
their smiles and eyes
that witness everything
following me after they're
long gone

i'm busy
slow dancing with sunbeams
and whispering to shadows
left behind in the bustle
of bags and shopping carts
and currency exchange
blessing the hearts
of little old women who
don't even know me asking
me when are we going to do
lunch and listening
to tina and sue's old friend
banter

i'm too busy right now

5/24/97

Route 66

Mae'r ysfa yna erioed,
i ddilyn yr haul mawr melyn i'w orffwysfa ola'.
i chwilio'r sach o aur lle derfydd yr enfys:

beth a ddaeth a ni,
yn ôl pan oedd hanes yn ifanc,
i'r tiroedd tlawd ar gyrion Ewrop,
i'r ynysoedd bychain a'u mynyddoedd balch?
onid yr ysfa i wynebu pen draw'r llwybyr,
i orfod ystyried troi'n ôl?

yr un chwylfrydedd
a dorrodd graith Route 66
ar draws ein brawd mawr o gyfandir:
a ninnau'r brawd bach afradlon,
yn ffoaduriaid a phererinion,
gwylliaid a saint yn gyrru tua'r gorllewin
i genhadu ac ysbeilio,
mentro a methu, a mentro eto,

i geisio dal y freuddwyd
cyn iddi suddo'n goch yn nirgelwch y môr Tawel:
a thrwy'r gwaed a'r gwiriondeb,
y caru a'r curo,
y ffortiwn a'r ffolineb
fe drodd y daith ei hun yn freuddwyd,
yn gadillacs a chevrolets,
yn nosweithiau effro mewn motels llychlyd,
yn Chuck Berry a Jerry Lee,
yn cherry pie a burrito i frecwast:

yn jiwc bocs o atgofion yn neon drwy'r nos:

delwedd yw Route 66 heddiw:
cadwyn gorfforaethol o dai bwyta,
bar ar gyrion San Francisco,
atgof o gyfnod mwy ara' deg
pan mai dim ond un lôn a greithiai galon America:

'dyw'r rhif cyfrin ddim ar yr arwyddion bellach,
'does dim ond ambell i record,
ambell i ffrâm o hen ffilm yn aros yn y cof:

ond dan dyfiant y freeways a'r interstates,
dan y canghennau concriid a'r brigau dur,
ar ôl trashio'r anialwch
mae'r llwybrau sy'n cyfeirio'n taith,
y gwithiennau sy'n llifo dan groen marw'r paith
yn dal i'n tywys ar lôn tua'r gorwel,
ar y Route 66 tua'r haul.

Route 66

We've always been driven
to follow the big yellow sun to his last resting place,
to look for the crock of gold at the rainbow's end:

what brought us,
back in history's youth,
to the barren lands on Europe's edge,
to the little proud mountained islands?
if not the urge to face the end of the road,
to have to consider turning back?

the same curiosity
which cut the scar of Route 66
across our big-brother continent:
and we, the fickle young 'uns,
refugees and pilgrims,
bandits and saints driving west
to spread the word and forage,
to risk, and lose, and risk again,

to try and catch the dream
before it sank red-faced into the Pacific:
and through the blood and bloody-mindedness,
the love and hate,
the fortune and folly
the journey itself became a dream
of cadillacs and chevrolets,
of sleepless nights in dusty motels,
of Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee,
of cherry pie and burrito for breakfast:

a juke-box of memories in neon all night:

today, Route 66 is an image:
a restaurant chain,
a bar outside San Francisco,
a memory of a slower age
when only one road scarred America's heart:

the magic number isn't on the signs any more,
only the occasional record,
the occasional frame from an old film, remain:

but under the overgrowth of freeways and interstates,
under the concrete branches and steel twigs,
after thrashing through the wilderness, the paths
that direct our journey, the veins that run
under the prairie's dead skin
still lead us towards the horizon,
on Route 66 to the sun.

translated from the Welsh by the author

LIKE LICKING HER AS IF SHE WERE THE WAVES

When will the wind
be gone from the sands
of the sea-mad sea
of the bric-a-brac
of foam and the weary
wandering beside shore,
who see no more
or hear the horse-loud whinney of
the waves?

When will the winter
in the hell of heat
be back from the hinterlands or
gulag for arms of grace strung out
like the high point of sex against a sheet
of fire in the part of yes that is no,
and to go
down on him on her knees
with his cock in her hands like a cross like
she was going to pray?

When will the water
be dried from the eyes
of the she-bad she
of the he-bad he
of whores who are
down on luck,
and so fuck
or swear so loud they can't
see?

When will the sky
come down from the color blue
of her eyes
of the pigment in
what they will want to call paint
and then pay for in fresh bills
the way he called her "honey" and
she calls him "John" but
for all the red on her lips,
like tips
he still sticks up
the night?

When will the grass
be gone from the dirt
of the me-mad me
of the one-eyed reach
of rocks that rant as they roll,
where bells toll
and cast spells on the light-loud or
the brave?

When will the love
be gone from the hurt
of the be-mad bore
of the skin-gone peach
of fruit that fell into wrong hands,
that can't stand
the sweet or stand up after cunnilingus
with his tongue in her crotch
or the waves—

LAST IMAGE

thought you saw your soul once:
it was an eel sashaying through ocean

wave energy in a transparent blue
told you with a sinuous motion

"you don't exist at all to me"

washed and washed
like an eye by its lid
it moved like the sun's rays

into the strontium and kelp fields
heading for the cradle of sargassum

perfect transparency

billions of years
flicker in an embryo's brain

a thread of sound enters
timelessness which must die

FUNERAL ORCHIDS

pseudonymous as a snowy bird grazing life
flying through its own brain

old roots sparkled in morning wet
and a forgotten key to his door

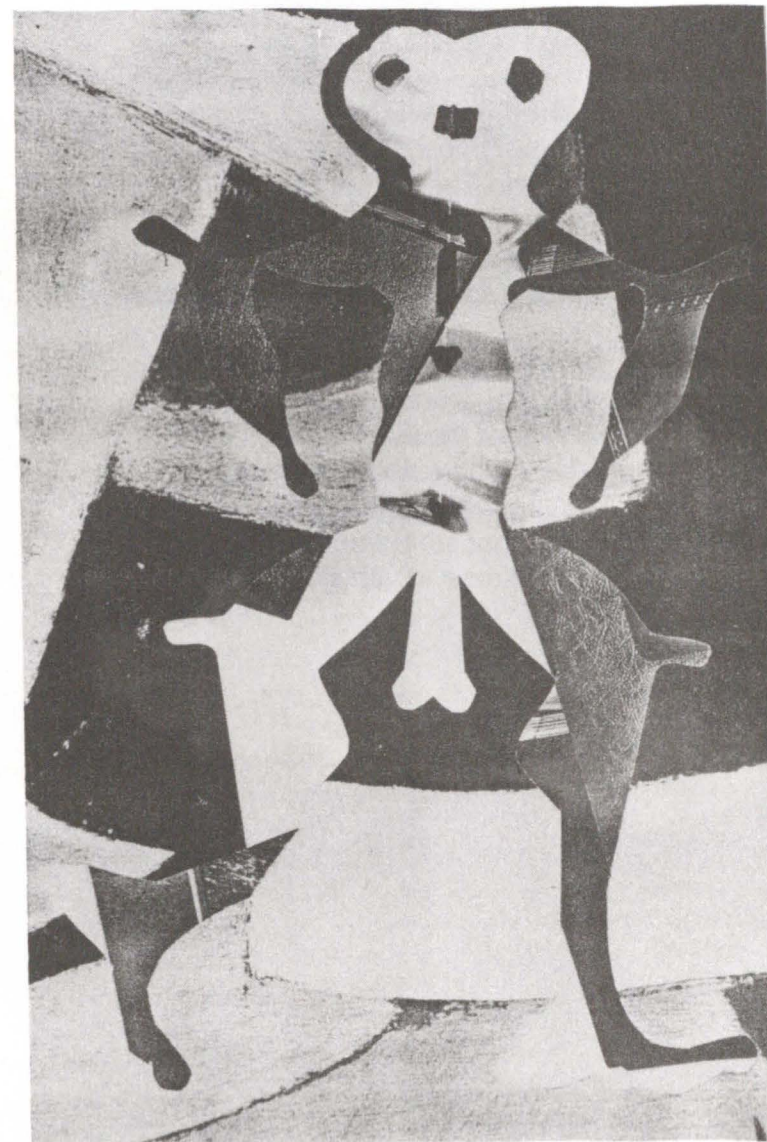
you learn the process is not mental anymore:
"how my own hands leave me"

a sound can dive like an osprey
as a river forks in the last scene of the movie

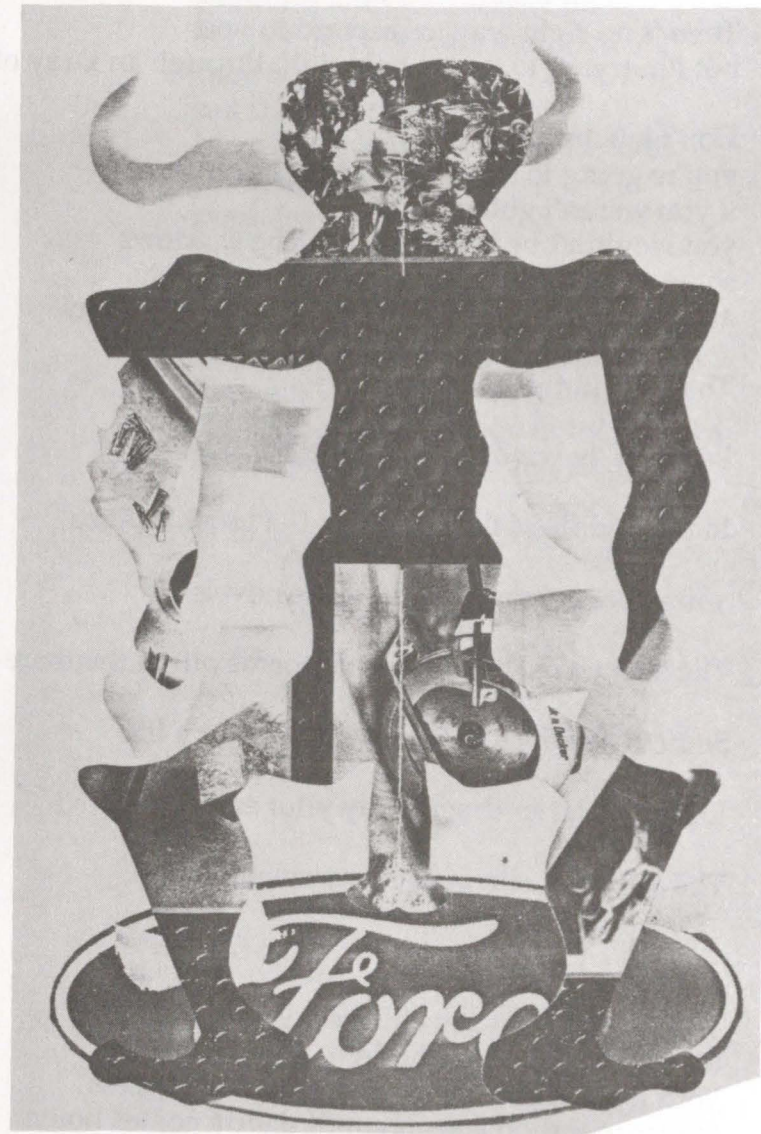
music has nobody, but continues
a cemetery appears a xylophone

when the children run through the graves
you want to scratch on each photo

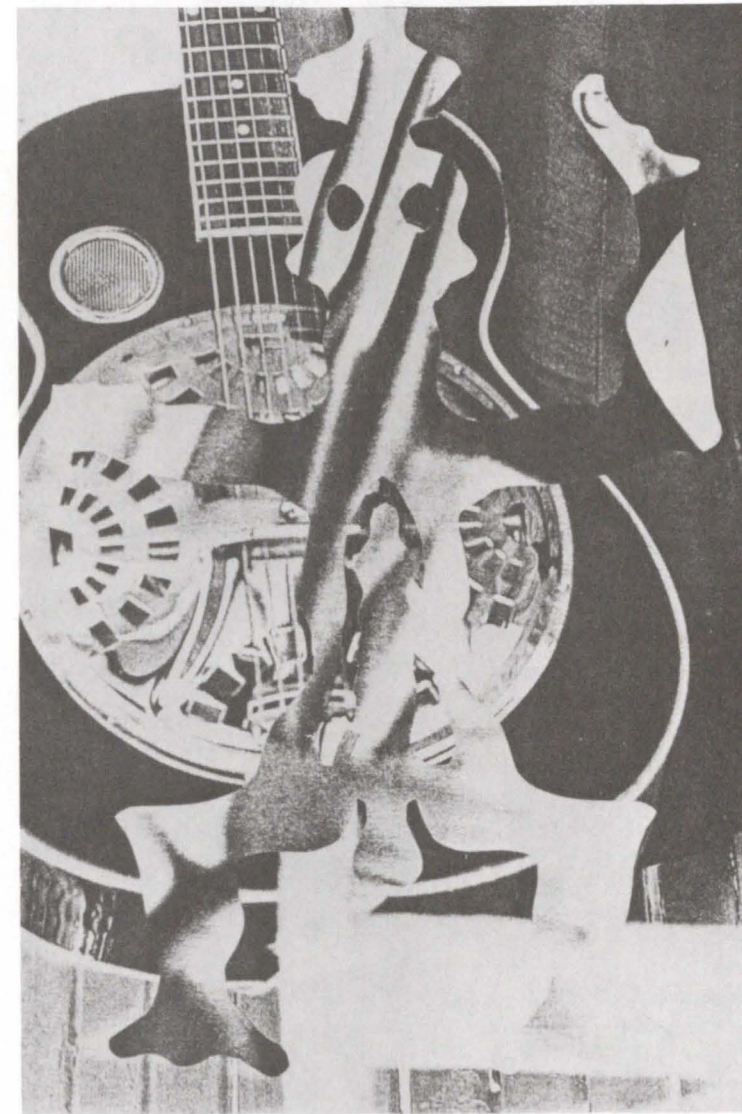
one wanted to bury an egg in the earth
one wanted to make a kite of skin



Charles Henri Ford



cut out series



the night rainbow

To name the suffering is to begin the healing
—Elizabeth Dodson Gray

now is the beginning of sorrows
mad women roam the earth
grinning with iced scarlet lips
shot up with lithium and food
they pursue
not their mothers' garden
but a place that predates blossoms
predates seeds
predates soil
predates man
they search for the light incarnate
with magnitude enough to free them
from the tyranny of the sacred
they will see the night rainbow
the mystery the passion in themselves
and there will be great rejoicing

25 26 28 april 6 9 16 may 1996

A NATION ON NOTHING BUT PROZAC

*Don't you see that it is the exact
representation of the world?*
Leonora Carrington, *Down Below*

Never tell anyone I wrote this poem for you

There's no right way to respond to you
but I'm trying to type a hole right through an x-ray of your heart

Don't tell me
you're going to leave out of here because
if you weren't going out
you wouldn't be leaving at all. The shadows
show only some of your insane proportions
and the howling drowns out the mood elevators.

The calm in this room is heavy

I am slowly winding up a river of Greeks

In the middle of the day there is a terrible pizza

Young poets grow fat and write novels

The lean years that squeezed poems out of them are dying

Something replaces them which is not a life

Listen: a glacier drags away your ears

The sound of rain is its many cousins

~~~

Your mother eats her children, 9 and 5.  
My mother eats her children, 8 and 10.  
Your mother eats my mother, 31. This process  
of incorporation goes on until daddy comes home

~~~

To have what you want
and still not get it:

Representation is not enough. I must
have meaning.

photocopies from many diverse sources her
art is not comfortable with her own

yet in our own land the tribes in some myths
were on their way to a different part
in some myths between invasions by torrents
by purple edges of a blackened sea waking
up to sirens only to wear these

which can be connected to form a whole unity

of some spark of some torrent of warm
budding between range building three main
glistening iron chains which

trace between points
though they appeared silver beneath the
space of an algae-thick pool beneath the halo

and with the same thing layered upon
becomes a memory that has already sprung

to figures placed in niches and sepulchre

that would swing open despite the chain
their shoulders being a whole language building
despite the mere fact that this
stood in the middle legend a fire swells

lazarus on return enters the body feet first
& gets lost in a maze of small bones

lazarus
you migrant of both worlds
of being and notbeing
it's no wonder the first thing you touched
on your return were the lips of jesus

did you gorge on food so you could eat and shit
and feel the slick conduit of the body's piping

did you only bathe after days of complaints
taking in the odor of decay and afterbirth

did you pick your nose fart yell blow suck
clap your hands snap your fingers spit
squeeze sand through your toes pull your beard
slap your leg and never sit in temple
but run with children

did you notice a few colours missing
on the planet's palette after tripping
through the spectral spectrum of bone
organ tissue blood
lit in the dim water
of the body's underworld

lazarus
you pascal of palestine
with a letter etched in the bonepocket
behind the pelvis
did you laugh when you saw the numbers
on the inside flaps of our bodies
where we are assembled like cardboard boxes
as you climbed into the ribcage

symbols to bend the lense to slide the originals
layer upon layer of waxy wingless waves
which are the telling of the great sea
beyond large color fields such as found

in the rotunda the greek sea building
a suggestion of red blocks
you are not in the same days are heavy

forms to make a matrix that would form

from the sky from the lashes of this bush
aquatic seeds which speak us the bronze
angle of a body generally moving

days carry the medicine through the smoted
sun forward towards a new destination
reveals the hem of her flowing dress

a white board can yield an infinite variety
of suggestions of a thing not required
to still in the middle legends by figures
moving towards destiny but not calculated not

the great schism an island changes

entirely full of misdirection or
a slow surrender as to require tension

based on the cyclical ramifications of one small
thin bush coloured with every colour in the sea
as if pastels rolled in some wisdom by way
we will wear black unembellished pants in the way
still carried in recent times by poor
qualities of light that a blizzard gives

the day disappears is never felt surely

found harmonious 4ths and 5ths

I found the surface of an onion wanting
still through the ocean where trails

of her coat seemed to be as the

smoted sun in various parts of the land
ripped faster as she passed the gate
by her shadow the graces join in prayer

main entrances between are on the points
of hesitance she walks with a pace
into copy machines she is free and she liberally
beats the floor for snakes we are beating
the rotunda on the great sea moving birth
but not directed were one to suppose
the bones with heavy grist come there

No account. The words fail as they fall. Like the bombs. And the lack. Lack. Hole. What pulls us. And nothing.
And the silence, silence of the news media, the cover of lies made from nothing, nothing but fear. Of the truth.

I cut myself.

Little pieces are drawn to my eyes. My hair collects glass. Out go the lights.

The fenders resist more than I thought possible. They used to flap in the wind. I thought we'd fly, just like Dumbo the elephant, big ol' elephant truck ears a flappin' in the air. In the nothing, that's what I was going to say. Flappin' and flappin'.

Now the fenders they let go their hold with so much resistance.

Detachment I whisper, detachment.

Return to being only metal, all form is illusion. Metal. 'N mental. Elemental. Let go.

It isn't as hard to destroy as to build. But it is not easy. Out in the jungle some peasant transforms pieces of helicopter into a plow. I know it is being done, even as I tear into this truck. How do you think it is, how hard to rip open a tire? All into pieces. We have to work so hard at such destruction. Help me.

We work together at the death of this truck. I can't continue. I can't accept such resistance.

Fire is only rust accelerated.

Oh, visions of Saigon. Madame Nhu she said it was just a Buddhist barbecue.

God help my rimes. Where is she now? Ky, remember him? Got himself a used car dealership in America. Just like Somoza. Horatio Alger. Ben Franklin, Brotherly Love. Didn't he? Ky, he. Probably got one hell of a dope ring going by now. Wonder how much he'd give me for my truck? Maybe if it contained the bodies of Kennedy and Lyndon? Maybe the bodies of the 50,000, and the millions?

I'll sit behind the wheel, looking out through the opening.

Rounded pieces of glass still framing the hole. Fragments, it is how we see. Anything else is an illusion. This is.

The rupture of the gas tank opens into the cab. The body shudders before such heat, a massive chill of fire. Smoke is the after effect, the sign from a distance. Where there's smoke. There, the army's been.

Above the trees. And the observers know that the target is destroyed.

We end on a weak joke.

Hey, hey bud, ha! Buddy, my friend, you gotta light?

Tuli Kupferberg

BECAUSE THE STATE

*tune: Chorus of "Because the Night (Belongs to Lovers)"
by Patti Smith & Bruce Springsteen*

BECAUSE THE STATE BELONGS TO FUCKERS
BECAUSE THE STATE BELONGS TO THEM
ALPHA PRIMATE OTHERFUCKERS
WASPS IN THE EDENIC GLEN.

& BECAUSE THE STATE WAS MADE BY FUCKERS
BECAUSE THE STATE WAS MADE FOR THEM
PLEASURE-HATING MOTHERFUCKERS
LOVER-BAITING SONS A GUNS.

AND THE STATE HOLDS MONOPOLY OF FORCE
"COP KILLERS" ALSO MEANS "COPS WHO KILL"
& THO THE IDEA IS SOMEWHAT COARSE
WILHELM REICH MIGHT HOLD: "THAT'S A SEXUAL THRILL."

& BECAUSE OUR STATE SEDUCTS US EARLY
FROM 3 YEARS ON TO POSTGRAD DOCS:
BECAUSE THE STATE EDUCTS US EARLY
DRIPDRIES OUR BRAINS, HANGS 'EM OUT LIKE SOX.

& THEN BECAUSE THE STATE THRIVES WITH ARMIES
PROTECTS ITS PROPERTIES THRU BLACKS & BLUES
SOLDIER BOYS ARE NEVER CALLED "MURDERERS"
BUT WHAT THE HELL IS WHAT THEY DO?

& SOON NO DOUBT WHEN WE'RE ALONE
THE GOVT'LL TAPE YOUR CUNT & MY BONE
THE STATE IS A DEVIL DISGUISED AS GOD
THAT THROWS ITS LAWS LIKE A FRIGHTENING ROD.

& THIS "EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE RULING CLASS"
SHOVES ITS MEDIA UP OUR ASS
WILL THE EVIL OF TWO LESSERS SET YOU FREE?
NOW THE QUESTION'S: "TO BE INTERNET OR BE TV?"

BUT BECAUSE THE STATE BELONGS TO FUHRERS
BECAUSE THE STATE KILLS US FOR FUN
BECAUSE THE STATE BELONGS TO FURORS
BECAUSE THE STATE THINKS ONLY WITH THE GUN.

& BECAUSE THE STATE BELONGS TO FUCKERS
BECAUSE THE STATE BELONGS TO THEM
GOTTA UNDER THROW THEM MOTHERFUCKERS
TO RETURN US TO OUR EDENIC GLEN.

O BECAUSE THE STATE BELONGS TO FUCKERS
BECAUSE THE STATE BELONGS TO THEM
OH WE'LL HAVE TO CHANGE THEM ALL TO LOVERS

& WE'LL HAVE TO TRY & START AGAIN
YEAH WE'LL HAVE TO CHANGE US ALL TO LOVERS
OH WE'LL HAVE TO TRY TO BEGIN AGAIN...

OY!

What do you mean? Of course I'll take off, but it will be my truck. Here's the 300. Sign the title, I'll take care of it, and I guess it's ok to say I paid 50 bucks for it, no use paying any more taxes than we have to, right?

Wrong.

What do you mean? You want the 350?

Wrong.

What?

I'm not going to sell it. Not without those stickers.

For \$350 you get the truck.

The truck comes with the stickers.

For \$350 you get the truck plus U.S. OUT OF CENTRAL AMERICA. For \$350 you get the truck plus EL SALVADOR THE NEXT VIETNAM.

All of that for 350.

If you want only the truck, then you got to pay more.

What? !

If you only want the truck then you have to pay more for only the truck. How simply can I say it? I will take off the damn stickers for you. I will take off U.S. OUT OF CENTRAL AMERICA. That will cost you. Yeh, that will cost you. No more cheap bananas. And, and no more cheap beef for your drive-in hamburgers misterman. You want cheap coffee paid with the blood, sweat, and tears of people with no choices but to work for some cheating bastard? Well, cheap coffee and cotton, both are going to cost you. I'll take off that sticker and the price for the truck goes up to \$400.

Come on. Stop raving. I was just kidding. I can take off the stickers myself. I'll give you the 350.

Oh no. You can order me around all you want. You can cheat on your little-bitty taxes, hell, I don't want any of anybody's money going to any more wars. You can do just what ever you want. But it will cost you. You wanted me to take off the stickers. O.K. Let 'er rip. Off goes NO MORE WAR ON NICARAGUA. Now the truck costs you \$450. Now no more cheap coffee you parasite. You know how much the coffee pickers got under Somoza? You know how much the coffee growers control the army in El Salvador? You tired of tasting blood in your morning coffee? Or have you killed your taste buds too?

Hey, knock it off. Keep your fuckin' truck. I don't have to listen to this.

Oh yes you have to listen. If you want my truck you have to take my story, I don't split my life that way. Keep walkin' and enjoy your morning coffee!

Enjoy your coffee. Morning. In the mourning. Sure. Yeh. I'll keep her. AND DON'T COME BACK! And here, you can take EL SALVADOR, THE NEXT VIETNAM—Free! But now the price of the truck is \$500!

Now it's a 1000! 10,000. Now.

Now it's a million. A million, a million to one. And.

And we all know.

We know, it's all one.

One.

Maybe I should be a Coyote.

Quit this place and take my truck to the southwest. I could take off the stickers, rebuild the seat into a box to hold refugees, at least one refugee at a time, refugees needing to get across the border. No border patrol would suspect this beatup old pickup. Never. "When you got nothin' you got nothin' to lose."

I got work to do here. That's what my friends in Nicaragua tell me. Necessary work to do here. The most necessary. Most?

But this truck won't serve that bastard. It won't serve any of them. He probably works for some damn general—General Electric. Generators used to charge the electrodes attached to the genitals of suspects by the death squads. General Motors, tanks and armored carriers. United Technologies. Gunships used in Vietnam now dropping bombs on peasants in El Salvador. Mobil Oil. Ah, fuck it ol' truck. You're a general, GMC. General Motors Company.

We're all generals.

Here's the scene. Picture it now. I rip off the side mirrors.

Picture it.

The reflection in the mirror.

It looks like a movie, an old movie jerking back and forth.

I watch the sky, the sun flashes. There's the glitter, blink. I see myself. Even see what is possible. Then nothing.

Nothing.

I smash the mirror against the fender.

Scattered fragments across the hood and onto the ground. Each piece of glass, each piece must reflect something. They all do. They must. All of them. Then nothing.

Picture it.

Each window smashed out.

How hard are you working? It's not as easy as it sounds, and it sounds hard, hard like the screams muffled into the leaves of jungles, the grasses absorbing them. The screams. And then nothing.

Blood and burns, how the body rips itself open for some increase in profits on some distant bank account.

six. I keep seeing, saying sex. In my mind's eye, that is. Eye of mind. Kind of rimes with slight of hand, I think. Therefore. Naw. That's a school kid's game. And any kid who knows a torque wrench from a feeler gauge can work on her. No strange hoses, air pumps, pollution controller pressure equalizers, no fuel injection. Nothin' but the basics. Keep it simple, but simply: don't keep it. And worth every bit of \$350.

Of course the bed is holey. Aint everything? Rust partakes of the universal predicament. End of sermon.

No. Without rust the world economy stops. With rust the end but slowly approaches. Not even a whimper. It is only a matter of time. Some matter. Some time. Mix'em together with a bit of stiffness and this truck lasts a few more years—until these holes, the holes in the bed, yeh, aint it the truth, the holes in fenders, floor boards, the holes along the frame, the loose metal that flaps every time the door closes, these holes joined together by even thinner and thinner strands of metal, the rust eats on. A critical mass, all the holes joined and then pooph! Imagine it.

Driving down life's highway, yeh, the Interstate 80 of de Soul, engine poppin' along, not like new but with plenty of life still coursing through it, almost, almost purrin' like a baby, or is that a kitten? but purring, the highway hummin'—when pooph!—the holes join up, the whole damn body goes, dis-integrates, disappears, engine skids to a halt at some crowded intersection, someone calls a wrecker. Here. Now imagine it.

This wrecker it's called the Cosmic Wrecker & Company. It was dispatched from The Rent-A-Center. I swear I saw that sign on Michigan Avenue outside of Dearborn. And you. And you sit there wondering, "I can imagine the Cosmic Wrecker, but who is the Company?" A crowd gathers but only momentarily. Your dire plight is only a minor annoyance for the commuters. The flow goes on, moved by a different engine. Your engine is taken to the yard. You walk home thinking that there's got to be a better way. A way to get from here to there. And then, and then, the Cosmic Wrecker whips on by where you are walking and snatches the "t" from there and you are HERE! But of course you aren't, are you? And of course, all of this is only a future, isn't it?

Stay where you are.
Sell the truck.
Keep your car.
While there is still time.
Still time.
And make no references to the turning world.
Or word.
I can't afford two vehicles. Can anyone?

A man with two cars is a split personality. Every boy growin' up in America, even with sex, booze, and drugs complicating the formative years unnecessarily, every boy knows this: one man, one car. Even if the car's not a car but a truck.

So along comes this guy and he takes me at my word. He reads my sign and my sign it say "For Sale." With a big FOUR, the biggest. The four for the four directions. The four winds. The four humours. "Four for the four who stood at the door." And the four psychological principles, and don't say psychologists don't have any, four fives will get you a ten that they do. The four compass points. Four elements. The four seasons. The four suits in a deck. The four stooges in the wreck. Yeh, he confronts me.

How much are you selling this thing for?

How much I wonder. Imagine him here. This much is your job. Hand on truck. I wonder, then I take a couple steps away. This is a little aside to myself. I don't want to tip my hand, not to this guy. How often is a sign a sign? Every girl knows with her mind a sign is too often a design. On her body. "I love you" means "I'm lonely." So I tell him. I wander back to him, I tell him that it is not for sale.

Some kid must have put this sign on my truck as a joke while I was shopping.

He pulls out the newspaper with my ad in it. He's seen me driving around town with the sign in the rear window. He knows I'm lying when I say it is not for sale. Why? How can he know so much when he look so dumb?

I know he knows how much I'm asking for the truck. Why don't I want to sell it, to this guy? He's the only one who has asked about it. And he aint no dirt farmer so I don't have to give him the discount. I don't really need the truck. Got a good car, used '73 Chevy Monte Carlo. Paid \$600 and only 120,000 miles on that one. Buy American.

He asked me, I knew he would, again.

How much do you want for it?

Why don't I like the way he refers to my truck as an it? There aint no its. Everything is moving, even if moving toward oblivion. William "Rusty" Blake: "All Life Is Holey." Can I avoid the truth with another deception? No. One unanswered question is enough for one life. Besides, Two wrongs, etc. The truth is \$350. Any truck that runs is worth \$300 says every farmer who lives in every time.

This guy, he says, "Would you take \$300?"

Back tires are brand new, cost me \$100.
New muffler and battery.
Clutch is slipping, probably from the oil leak coming out of the rear transmission seal. But so what?
We are all slipping a little.
Transmission.
Transmission. That's it. It's all transmission.
What's mine? Yours?

Hey, you alright?

I'm trying to be honest with you.

I noticed the oil leak.

I never tried to hide it.

The truck is getting loose and sloppy. 350, 300. What is the big difference? How many offers have you had? I believe you, it runs good, runs fine, always has. Dependable. Great. Take off those stickers and I'll take it off your hands.

Stickers? And then you'll take off in my truck?

THE GOOD OL' BUDDHA STRIKES A DEAL

SOCIALLY Conscious pick-up, 1965 Chevy hardworking, reliable, starts up everytime in spite of depression about U.S. bombing of El Salvador. Body in rough shape, looks like it's been strafed by a AC - 47 gunship, but refuses to die. Only \$350 and this symbol of heroic resistance is yours. Ten percent discount to any dirt farmer, tax-resistor, or anyone who has engaged in civil disobedience during the past 6 months. 523-2413.

It's not a question of pissin' in the wind. Or shoutin' into it. Eventually it all comes back at you. End of sermon.

Each turn of the speedometer marks the route—we pronounce that "root" here in southern Ohio, not "out," like where you going anyhow? can't get away from yrself. The route of the journey spinning the prayer wheel through mud and shit and listen to the hum of the highway. Low way, no way, hey, go 'way, it's all one way. Damn if that hum aint a hymn, aint him and her, hear? him an' her in the comic cosmic love song, it's all comin' from the tires, the rim an' tires, him 'n her. Hmmm. Higher'n higher. The rime don't seem to be connecting with the road, or the rim with the load. What's the point? The point where the road meets the tire. I thought once it was an angle. Then an angel. But, now? What's the point, except what the tire knows. Yeh. Yeh. And I'm tired.

T for Tired, and T for Tennessee. At least I aint Hired. H for Hell no, I aint for hire. Aint for her. Just so tired. Loads of mulch, log for pulp, split log for firewood, bales and barn boards, feed for the animals and animals for the slaughter. Laughter. That's a sight gag, visible visual pun. Slaughter don't sound nothin' like laughter, sounds more like oughter, and I don't ought to do nothin'. Nothin' is what I do best. But yes, slaughter and laughter. There isn't any choosin'. A body's got to have at least one truck load of laughter. Why so many, too damn many loads of the miseries? 170,000 miles Minimum. Minimal miles. That word. I can see it. As a kid, my dad did this all the time. Made miles into smile. Damn, it was corny, and did make us all smile. And. I miss how corny it was, how easy it was to make everyone smile. One hundred seventy thousandmiles. There should be another 170 in her. There should be. Be. Not should, my master said, be. But not for me.

She never gave me a bit of trouble. New valve cover gasket. I remember how shiny I kept it. The only piece of chrome not rusted on the whole truck. Everytime I checked the oil I'd give it a shine. It'd get dirty, I'd shine it. Dirty. Shine. Dirty. And brakes and lining. Mufflers, of course, got to muffle that engine sound! Points and plugs and that's about it for 8 years. No complaints. Not one. None. Nuthin'. Hell, a woman should be so good. Started up no matter how cold. Hell, I should be so good. A simple



Joe Napora

sounds in head rise as mists—swirl and clear—weave among branches—walking along
river path—smell of leaves and mud—

reading signs of obscured languages—dim voiced mutterings—tracks in
pockets of snow—

in and out among languages, landscapes—memories—dreams—

Visions—invisible—words unpronounced—

so held in hand a silence—

so held in hand a sighting—

felt hand—close to hand—hand this friend....

a left hand clasped—in a right—

hands clenched—

hands praying ...

do not know...

in distance—may see an other—looking back—

at—

this other

so strange a meeting—

uncanny in woods—

rain falling

while mounting

hill

voices elusive among trees—

times welling in springs—

water among moss

black strokes of branches—increasing snow in patches—

etching lines

glimpsed and read

yet not read

grasped in passing

imperfectly

leading on

higher among rocks

up

high

R

O

W

K

S

among

K

C

O

R

K S

v

quarrying

s

i

o

n

in air

in light

high there—among heights—

rocks—trees—river—

below—

mist burning off—

clouds moving

wind

one hand in an other—held—

may eyes hold—and ears—

an other's—

or simply

each—other

sinews seem tough enough—dried meat-parched—

deprivation of senses—

seeking heat and water

green—

blue bowl of sky—eyes uplifted—pupils pinned a bit in light—

so unaccustomed—to this turning—

to feel a barrier within—slab of entry blocked—cold and wet—

from underground though above—

green and grass smells—voices in wind flickering—

distant traffic—bridge dotted with travellers—

river running—

sitting—for a while—warming with ground—sun enough among branches—

glints among ripples—jetsom floating by—

thawing today...

From

Out

the

Ground

pushing up the

heavy wood slabbed door—

poking head out as any animal—

wary eyes blinking in sun—

back

down

stairs

waiting in shadows—secret gleaming lover—little mound of crystal—sole
light in basement room—

cut the rock, grind a bit—smooth powder on shiny surface—
reflections, glints—

bending over to gaze on wonder—sacred chemical energy—

poised—

eyes for a moment in the mirror—gazing from among
shards—

swooping sounds up the nose—a momentary bleeding—metallic rip in
gums—seizure in throat—breath hacked off—

then a shining seizes—grasp of firm hand—steadying from rough
shakes—

straightening—standing—firmly planted—galvanized

in

crystal

light

gazing...

the sun—a bright halo—

milky in sky—among mist—among trees—

fog
down

along
river

sunglasses mute so bright a luminescence—

sacred energy of pain—light too bright to bear—secret missions

accomplish—themselves in air—

all around sweet singing—peaceful quiet low

FERNS

He wanted so much to be involved in the
unfurling of ferns that he
became a fern,
fuzzy with golden fringe at the
edges, climbing
housefronts. He saw the

entire universe as fern-like, the coming-to-birth of that
baby's clenched fist at the
tips of baby ferns.

Windows of light opened in the fern's spores.
Ferns tangled up through branches of thicker
mature growths, the ones with
latin names, histories, plotted destinations.
The ones that banged against
housefronts, left deep
scratches raw as
wounded flesh. The

soft ferns softened the blows of the
harsher realities, lending a
veil of green light from other worlds to the
compound, manufactured
hard edges of this one.
The fern wanted to encompass everything in its
uncurling embrace, surround everything in its love,

but remain always
in a state of coming-to-birth, a
baby's tiny
soft clenched fists at the
glowing tender tips of
baby ferns.

Beads On A String

—a sort of rosary for Ed Schelb

massive injection of unstructure

waking to find rocks in room

sudden sea of memory

carved ellipses

old destinies

this day the sun bright—cupping shadows among trees—the cemetery lawns
fresh mown—rise of hill—

moving on down along the road—cluttered with hubcaps fallen in rain—

gifts of tongues muttering among—hubcaps and headstones—

a sense of stabbing in the heart

dull throbs and sharp pains

on into the hurrying square—figures among sun slants—shadows of walls—

arrangements of shifting grays, pocked by colors—moving swift—

on down to the river bank—green—smell of refuse rising in dew—

sitting in sun—watching river

wind a bit—moving in branches—

ripples

out of winter—a howling in wind—had abated in sun—

ice flows in miniature—turned to melt—ground now soft—

a silence in the head—the sound turned off—

mechanical movements of bones—electric signals of nerves—

the dead are gone with the children on the benches
 the sea weeps with the cries of nightingales
 and the bleeding heart drops wine on the tongues of nations
 I child poet have sought in the spires and mud of cities
 The rose of love and the vine of pain and forgetting
 no more shall I follow the feet of birds and giants
 left limp and ragged blinded in the rain to die
 the masses go off weeping to wars
 I child poet bitten by the cone of lightnings
 left limp and ragged I drown my tears in blood
 when I die the tongues of dogs will lick my wounds
 when I die the leaves will fall unrelenting

Jan NYC 1980



An Ant in My Shoe

Across the floor
an ant crawls
into my shoe
It is after midnight
I will go out and walk
the Tenderloin streets till dawn
the pain in my groin operation
lingers on like a decayed tooth
Where are the noble ones?
I see your faces each night
a flashback to my Bohemian past
Charles Mills on a park bench in Sheridan Square
All walking with me in a great dream above the stars
Mingus on bass at the Five Spot
Franz Kline on a bar stool at the Cedar Bar
his sad face and eyes of disbelief
Kerouac in a daze walking across America
in his great American dream
Freddy Redd and Cecil Taylor doing a duet on Ninth Street
Freddy Mogubgub and Mario Jorin together laughing
Tom Halley the wino on a bench in Washington Square
All walking with me in a great dream above the stars
the poor Jewish poet and singer Harold Goldfinger
still keeps that dream alive at the Albert Hotel
I keep on walking in a great dream above the stars
Pete the Greek is doing breakfast at Tina's
the soft gentle eye of Milly serving the breakfast
waiting on the morning tables
Monaco the Barber on Golden Gate five foot two
a humble smile who digs God and old time music
Isaac the scholar in a bookstore on Turk Street quiet and gentle
I hear Kell Robertson singing again
across the Mission at the Ribeltad
Bernie Uronovitz still playing Frisbee
and Tom Keats smiling on his old guitar
in a bistro on Columbus Avenue
Bob Kaufman smiling covering my tired body
in the Western Addition
Maybe only a Mad Jew or a Mexican
or a lost Indian
or an unknown poet
or a waitress who has eyes
or a redhead on a bus
or a horse that sweeps the field

A hooker stands alone on a street corner all night long
Some skinny old man on a rainy night with one tooth
playing a harmonica against the walls of time
The sky is above us
maybe it is the eyes of knowing the light that is too bright
that leaves us limp and haggard
Pity those that look the other way that is most of us
this world is hard and sad indeed
fear and greed turn the wheels of time and nations
These significant souls their eyes speak to me
Their eyes that speak make the stars shine brighter
their gifts of kindness are significant deeds
the acts of plain people
simple souls are shooting stars that curve into the night sky
It is difficult to go to public places
I am already too infamous
like a rare bird and freak of nature
who carries treasures of the mind to each watering hole
across the great American desert
some Paparazzi will shove a camera in my face
to capture a fading image of a bent and tired soul
trying to tie a shoelace weaving in the winds of time
It is a sad world when one loses the light
The Ant is crawling in my shoe on a wooden floor
It will be a long painful night again
What I really want to do is go mad on a canvas
to go crazy on paper
to take the colors of all the rainbows
using hand and brush spit and sweat and balls
and every tissue of my mind that flies into unknown worlds
to kick the crud and fear of decay and decadence
push and smash and cum into spurting seed that conquers death
It is a long and painful night again
The memory of my Mother walking off a hotel roof into oblivion
You can count the people you really love on two fingers
Record your highest moments in a tiny little book
An Ant is crawling in my shoe
Lift up that cup again brother show me the way to go home

August 7, 1988
San Francisco, California
Bakery Cafe

SITTING BULL'S

Burial song to George Armstrong Custer

"Pity me Pity me O Great Spirit"
"Today is a good day to die"

The prairie is the largest organ of the Earth
Its skin the grass the buffalo eat
The buffalo birds on their backs
Guide them through the winter
Between the snow flakes
Looking for pieces of summer among
The sleeping trees the lungs of the Earth

The buffalo is an animal of great deeds
Unlike the lurking "Irish cattle"
That eat the breezy grasses
They do not honor the *Everywhere Spirit*
The great father
The husband of the white mountain

The autumn came to us long ago
Before we were two sides of a nickel
Being tossed into the sky
By your great chief
To decide our fate

Our teepees are the curtains of the wind
Our children the dreams of the buffalo
We were not the "nomads"
The lies of "Yellow Hair" are the nomads

We will never be the strings on his banjo
And I will never eat mule meat with "Yellow Hair"
No Lakota warrior or coyote would shoot
His horse hunting the buffalo

For the land is the corner of our eyes
The grey rain is our mother
Our children will be our ancestors
Their bones will be our father's
Because our father's bones are buried here

I will bleed one hundred times
Before I give you
The land of my fore father's
There is no peace between the rattlesnake
On its belly in the dirt
And the eagle in the deer's blue sky

We will be as many as the grasshopper
We will scatter the bones of your Crow Scouts
To the four points of the wind
And make "Yellow Hair" whiter than ever

Our women will cut off his feet
So his spirit will always walk on this sacred ground
And never journey to the "Ones Above"
Our children will pierce his eardrums with reeds
So he will always hear us speaking to him

Our ponies will kick dirt upon him
The very grass will turn away from his flowing blood
He will not sleep with the dust of his wife
He will never see the face of the mountains
Instead go to the place of the dead
Where rocks will crush his forked tongue
Because "Americans are great liars"
Who travel "the thieves' road"

"Pity me Pity me O Great Spirit"
"Today is a good day to die"

For we today
Are the *Real Natural Human beings*
Leaving our simple fathers
On this sacred land
To be trampled upon by tender feet
Who will dig up our customs
Plant crops in their eyes
And all our memories will
Breathe gently
On the dry tears
Of the Black Hills.

Sept. 23, 1996

DIMENSIONS

Why would you want to wash these laps around the pool. Dimensions say the selves in three full syllables. A composition has to have been carved out of so many surfaces. And thus declare its own for what insistency who likes once to have mattered. Livelihood entraps a speck of irritation in the eye. Seen bountifully otherwise. What we would entrap, a world. To zither past. To meet. And soon sheer curtains symptom waves of back and forth. Imagining the clean and otherwise cement house. Carried forward by our memory.

~~~

Her watch was scarce again. Her anger. The still purse with everything still in it. Latitude for these few instances when crops revert to sugar facing the demeaned. Children antique their fears. Prayers magnify imperative outcomes. Results no matter what made comfort for spectators who found it not a sport to stay awake this long. Laughter had no likelihood it might pronounce. Illness confusingly made protective walls. To be in kind with. How the school smelled those years afterward.

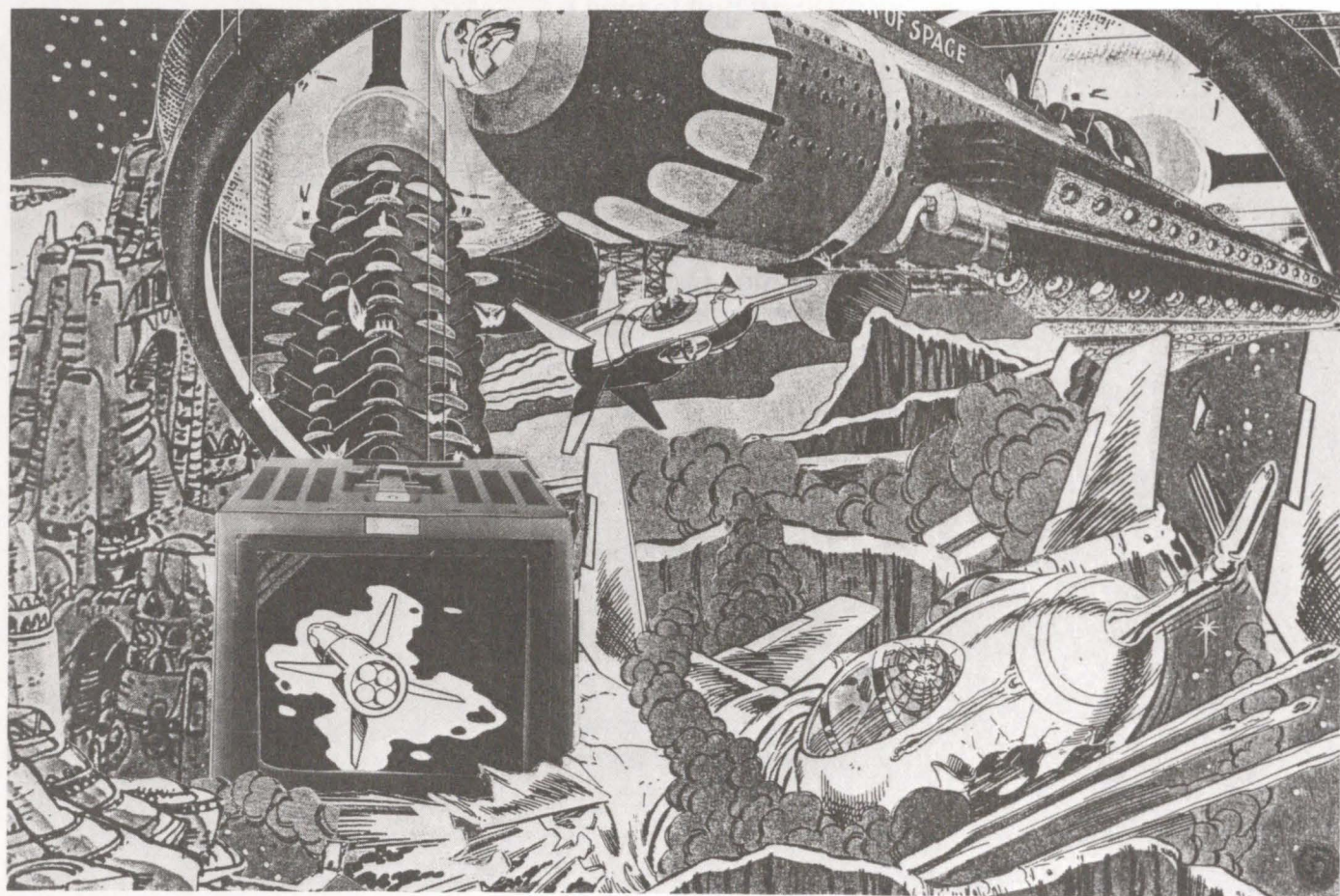
## INCLEMENT RUSE

Houses pass the scope in which a mind four-lettered in its intricacy laps up ominous details. Some sketches leave out text. Others minimize the filthy doors. Four posters carve a space around the sleep's relay of passing on. To have amply loved is serially rich. Concomitance in the breast pocket heavies suppositions of our worth. Cement fails every time to rise. Handfuls of grain repeal erasure. Opportunity's a hollow word. Some squares where we might place them. Richness sober enough to maintain promises and curvy little jumpropes. Sitcoms like to be the center of attention. Yellow fields slow down in case of Hollywood. The mark of a true friend is cordwood in a prime configuration.

## THE TRILLS (NINEFOLD)

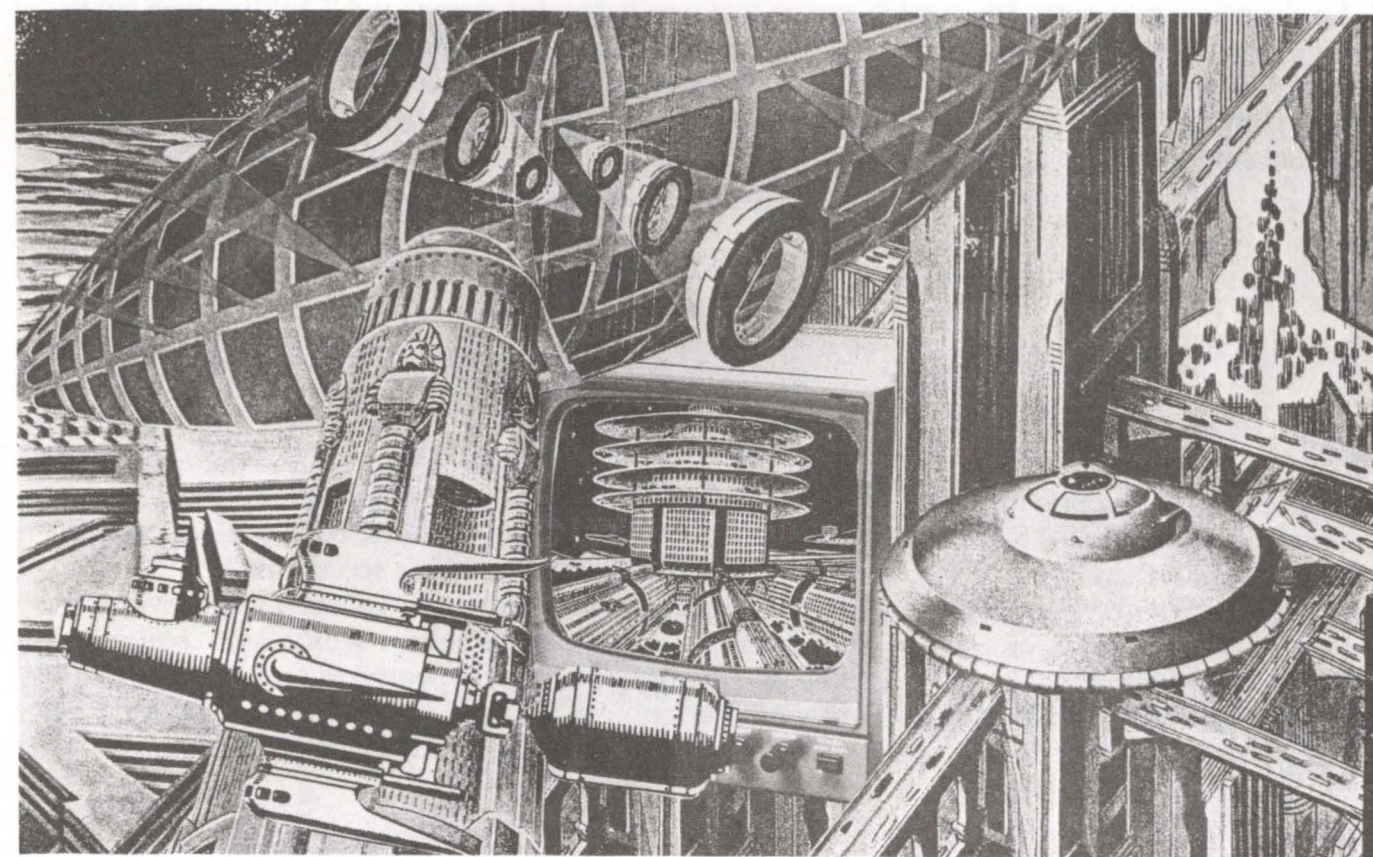
Precipitous aplomb mildews pretense combed wit through dreamed indulgence. Was there ever an economy. The trills (ninefold) demean the licensure. More tract than fasting. Silence moans through streetlamps silencing the blunt new hills. I hear a bird thus confiscate peer meadows in the rugged press of thought time. Sacrilege is so much mist. The avenues, I hear, have mold. The sequined dress. The mostly penitent new mode of dress. Sufficient years go by to trouble anyone with leisured offspring. The decision, personal. Direct address. Penurious attention spans the module wholesomeness. Collapsed new far-flung camisole (unless). Perchance to drive away a few more fears. With lungeing in the distant past. Unmonied, one must dissipate the lengthened shadows. Almost gray as slender host. The leanings and the dry sheep worthy. Or the clear arrangement or the promise. Sequiturs intact (at last). Whenever promised road shows. Pomp and gravy move in last. As timely as a weather roves (as grass). The *de rigueur* of hastened flow. My last accounting. All rose penitence. And sure the lingering. And snow. And were there few or several more. The hate mail fastened to a post. The Latvian I thought was Marge the same again. A mood cloned, never quite replaceable.





Jud Yalkut

*Flash Crash Video*



Jud Yalkut

*Flash Video 1*



alfalfa smooth  
as hair  
everywhere

there will be  
yogurt and parsley  
for everyone

i can see  
a herd of buffalo  
in the distance

the population  
is rising  
as it moves

it's easy to say  
it's the end  
of the world

as if you  
don't need  
to feed yourself  
while you think

how can we afford  
to do anything  
but make money?

5.8 billion people  
all wave hello  
to you in the hospital

## Plateau

Even if the temple is destroyed  
the spirit will remain  
The border between earth & sky  
is described by a bird  
The border between life & death  
is defined by a single breath  
The border between past & future  
is now, a tightrope, a cutting edge,  
a point never to be reached.

We dance on one leg  
between Samsara & Nirvana  
trying to consummate our own future  
between the dancing & the telling  
Let the dancer break away  
from the dance  
Let the words fly off the page  
Next time we will begin  
with a headstand.



BRIGHT SONG IN THE AIR

the loving thing  
which the heart of man  
has nursed and generated  
most precious of all his being's energies

but putting it through  
the fire, the balm, the terror

and still we end up smiling at one another.

the roll and surge joyous of its waters  
and its ultimate and luxurious baptism  
flames of its tropic, of its nordic  
hallucinations wheeling above  
like supernova holocaust  
—yet reining it in

On the hill we speak of demons,  
laughing—we smell the scented air  
and feel the gentle push of the breeze

watch it  
and walk with it

The crickets will believe you in the wind

Singing, you will brighten  
all the clouds surrounding you  
with the madness of truth

Calmer now, and silence—endlessly.

Nepal '72

KHADIJAH

—appearing in the heavens:  
a woman clothed with the sun,  
the moon under her feet and  
upon her head a crown of 12 stars—

....Monster, disappearing! ,& its Maker—  
& the mystic city,  
under a great streaming of the sun's rays,  
lay beneath  
the throne of the Ancient One—  
& those who dwell  
in the matchless empire  
though they walk on earth,  
they are of a world apart.  
—Great Dragon—  
Monster, disappearing! ,& its Maker,—  
& the mystic city.

—The Last Judgment; the books  
were opened, including the  
book of life.

A shrouded conductor deep in his towers has  
spoken beautiful strangers setting out on the  
road

Let it cover first what it is  
And then beyond that into the space  
around it  
And then beyond that  
Let it be first what it is  
And reach out into everything else  
And then beyond that

Let it find everywhere it seeks  
Big in itself and large past all belief  
Within and then beyond that  
And then leave it

NYC '69





Ira Cohen

*Exorcism (Wollisio, Ethiopia)*

They sit on a bench, a young boy flanked by two women, naked from the waist up. For some time now they have waited patiently for the rites to be consecrated, the words to be said. Music and drumming have heightened the stakes. If he is sick, a victim of magic, the healing water will cleanse him. If he has transgressed, the bath will exculpate his sins. And finally it is here, the time has come. Several acolytes behind them grasp their arms. The spirit master approaches from across the room, a gourd in one hand, a ladle in the other. He turns around to the four directions, once more to sweep the room clean of demons, malignant vapors, and stares at the young boy who shivers with fear. "The water is good," he murmurs, "the water will help me." But he also knows it will burn, it will burn in exact proportion to his reason for being here at all. And as if in some slow motion mockery of time, which revolts him but which he must accept, he watches the actions that will bare his body to the universe. The arm goes down, the ladle disappears and resurfaces, and even as he twists away suddenly he drips with fire!

The two women beside him, conductors of the heat that steams from his flesh, absorb like sponges the battle begun. And they too begin to shake. One throws herself back, smiling ecstatically; the other leans forward, her hand before her, chanting the words, the meaningless words of the trance.



\*

And those museums where naked darlings  
with pigeon's wings  
—it's always summer near the saints

near the dead and yet the sun  
stays the same size, its light  
more like music than a net :the great sea

lifted twice a day  
as if somewhere inside your grave  
the moon is secretly calling its twin

and all night you can hear the sun  
trying to fly closer, to warm itself  
breathing in the bells you dead

breathe out—how much alike  
if you could hear them, could believe  
this old painting is breaking through a wall

—the sun hand in hand with the moon  
for that split second, before the guard  
can break my fall

almost touching these sandals  
—you look for my hand where pains  
won't disappear, turn black

and you call back, disguised as a cough  
as a throat filled with light  
that's cut in two—with bells :hillsides  
one against the other.

1/

CHILDREN

Going out  
into  
snow

to be a  
part of  
it.

2/

A pebble

a flower  
a cloud an

animal

a house an  
airplane a

parable.

3/

GO

As if it

were a game -  
as if there

were something

to win with  
only no

thing to lose.

4/

NO  
RUSH

Any old  
can will do -  
kicking the

empty noise  
all the way  
home from school.

5/

At  
this  
point



*from* SO LITTLE BEYOND

When emptiness casts her shadow, when the  
ink expands and you're in the mind of night,  
when the owner, pretending as if the word  
were more than a creature struck by lightning,  
comes out to light the candles on each table.  
And with each table imbedded within the mosaic,  
as a sign that not even muteness would seal  
this banishment complete. This ban upon  
burning within the city limits.

Daniel Abdal-Hayy Moore

LEAF

A leaf opens and you're  
in Peru, walking through a  
fern glade. A  
rosebud opens and you're hanging from a  
thread of intricate Viennese conver-  
sation over  
porcelain tea. A leaf

drops and we're on a lonely English road at the  
end of Fall, past rural houses with tall roofs of  
actual thatch. A

rose drifts brown petals to the  
ground and the golden era of Spain's  
great caliphate of  
intellectual music browns like an old

photograph. The cast of  
characters dies. Wooden  
doors hang  
slack on thin hinges.

A leaf opens on its  
branch or in your  
hand, it takes on a  
life of its own. If you  
lean real  
close you hear  
choirs. A

leaf opens and you're in  
heaven, a green place, a green so

rich and deep it has an odor to it,

a green that  
bathes itself along  
your inner stem.



Both myth and science hold that we are  
of the four-leggeds. Remember? Mother,  
her breath was a lullaby. Mother, servant  
of the hungry mouth, who wore the planets  
as a string of pearls. Her hair a torrent  
upon moss laden outcrops.

Of a time when we still bound the feet,  
being no less mutated than the crumbling  
sphinx, than the lights of some northern  
town reflecting off of the bellies of  
migrating geese....the sound of one hand  
leaving the universe.

~~~

As of the three sounds of the eternal
....songless explorations....music of the
hoof torn from its adaptation to vehicular
references.

Sounds to shake one whole, as another
marvel of asymmetry. With sparkles of
silica. With bleached thin curtains.
With a gourd resonator at each end, such
as the chemistry of a forgotten thing.

~~~





## GOING TOWARDS IT

Coming forth with miraculous new ways  
to listen: as a spoonful of birdseed  
packed into tight leather pouch of an  
amulet worn behind the left ear....listen.  
Is love what brought the tribes together.  
Love, that a moment of it would feel like  
justice. Animal word....like an eclipse  
of the mother's touch.

Go now. Breathe her breath. Tell  
yourself of her love for you, as secure as  
a candle flame in an old adobe sanctuary.  
As longed for as rivulets of calm, of  
sweet water overflowing from Wovoka's hat.

~~~


poetry and prose

- 5..... **scarecrow** ...Going Towards It
- 8.....*from* So Little Beyond
- 9.....**Daniel Abdal-Hayy Moore** ...Leaf
- 10.....**Simon Perchik** ...*
- 11.....**Cid Corman** ...5 Poems
- 13.....**Allan Graubard** ...untitled
- 14.....**Angus MacLise** ...Bright Song In The Air
- 15.....*Khadijah*
- 16.....**John Solt** ...untitled
- 17.....**Ira Cohen** ...Plateau
- 20.....**Sheila E. Murphy** ...Dimensions
- 20.....*Inclement Ruse*
- 21.....*The Trills (Ninefold)*
- 22.....**Frank Lima** ...Sitting Bull's
- 24.....**Jack Micheline** ...An Ant in My Shoe
- 26.....untitled
- 28.....**Daniel Abdal-Hayy Moore** ...Ferns
- 29.....**Dave Chirot** ...Beads On A String
- 35.....**Joe Napora** ...The Good Ol' Buddha...
- 41.....**Tuli Kupferberg** ...Because The State
- 42.....**Paul Weidenhoff** ...9 Poems
- 45.....**joseph s ampleforth** ...lazarus on return...
- 46.....**le shawn jackson** ...the night rainbow
- 47.....**Dennis Formento** ...A Nation On Nothing...
- 52.....**W.B. Keckler** ...Last Image
- 53.....*Funeral Orchids*
- 54.....**Thomas Rain Crowe** ...Like Licking Her...
- 56.....**Iwan Llwyd** ...Route 66
- 58.....**Krista Franklin** ...i could never...
- 60.....**D.E. Steward** ...Martie
- 66.....**Aymon De Sales** ...Adam's Movie Rights
- 67.....**Antler** ...No Doubt
- 68.....**Steve Carll** ...Drugs
- 70.....**John M. Bennett** ...Groans Ignored Lofting
- 71.....**David Chorlton** ...The Dreaming Tiger
- 72.....**Dave Shortt** ...Poem for Thoth
- 74.....**Jack Hirschman** ...SNSN
- 76.....**Lewis Ashman** ...The Heaven Turned Earth
- 77.....**John Lowther** ...2 Poems
- 78.....**Simon Perchik** ...*

art and photography

cover **Charles Henri Ford** ...untitled
inside **Bob Moore** ...Cohen/Ginsberg tribute

- 4.....**Ira Cohen** ...untitled
- 12.....*exorcism*
- 18.....**Jud Yalkut** ...Flash Crash Video
- 19.....*Flash Video #1*
- 27.....**Jack Micheline** ...untitled
- 34.....**Joe Napora** ...untitled
- 48-51**Charles Henri Ford** ...cut out series
- 79.....**Joe Napora** ...untitled

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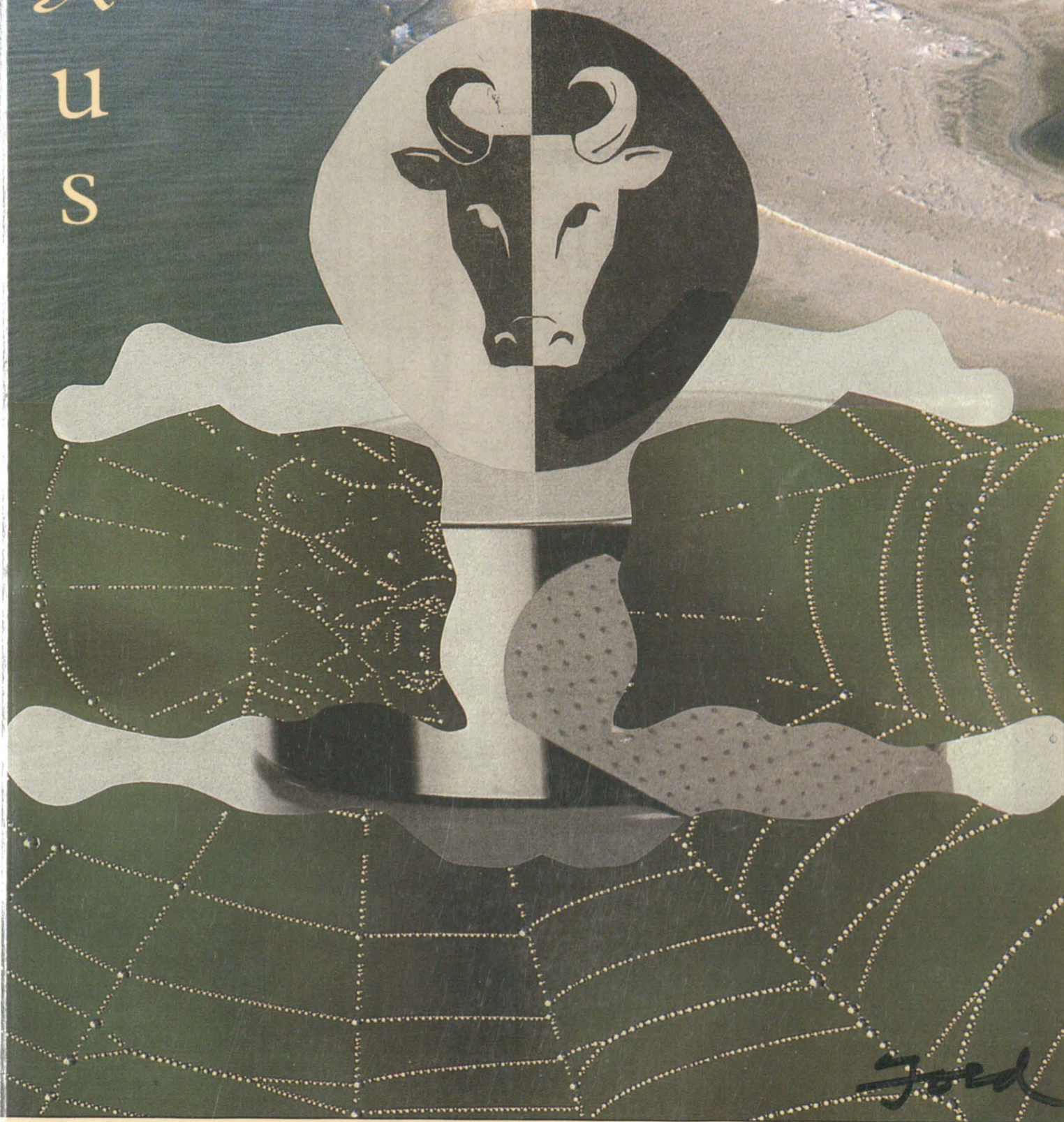
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